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Solomon Cornell

THE

HARTFORD SELECTION

OF

H Y M N S.

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

To which are added a number never before published.

Compiled by

NATHAN STRONG, ABEL FLINT, and JOSEPH STEWARD.

Published according to Act of Congress.

HARTFORD: PRINTED BY JOHN BABCOCK.

1799.

Hymn
1799
Hart

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PREFACE.

THERE are extant many Hymn Books containing excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs. These books have their respective excellencies, and give credit to their authors or compilers. The demand for books of this kind having been very great of late, owing to the happy revival of religion in many towns in NEW-ENGLAND, *several book-sellers applied to the Editors for advice, which of the many selections of hymns extant it would be most adviseable to reprint. On reviewing different compilations, with a view of answering this question, the Editors conceived that a volume might be compiled better adapted to the taste of pious minds in this country than any they have seen. They were urged to attempt such a selection by book-sellers, and also by several pious people. An additional motive to this attempt was, an expectation that a small sum of money might be annually raised, from the sale of the books, for the support of* MISSIONARIES *in the new settlements.*

In making this selection, the Editors have endeavored to adapt it to the use of Christians in their closets, families, and private religious meetings; and also to the feelings of persons in every state of religious impression.

The hymns of Dr. WATTS, *that first of uninspired divine poets, are so universally dispersed, and*

in such general use, that a less number have been taken from him than would otherwise have been the case. This volume is compiled principally from NEWTON, COWPER, DODDRIDGE, RIPPON'S *Selection, and others not in common use. It contains also several original hymns, and many which have never appeared in any book of divine songs.*

It will be observed, upon comparing these hymns with the volumes from which they are taken, that a number have been abridged, and some lines altered. The only apology which the Editors have to make for this is, that, in their judgment, such abridgements and alterations render this volume better adapted to the uses for which it was designed.

In this selection many singular metres will be found, tunes adapted to which are contained in the HARMONIA COELESTIS, *a volume of music now publishing in Hartford, by Mr. Benjamin.*

Hartford, July 3, 1799.

THE

HARTFORD SELECTION

OF

HYMNS.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

ETERNAL God! Almighty cauſe
Of earth and ſeas and worlds unknown:
All things are ſubject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Control'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

3 To thee alone ourſelves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other Gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN II. C. M.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it.
Eph. ii. 18.

1. FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for Heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and Heaven combine,
In harmony and praise.

HYMN III. L. M.

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality.
Psalm. xc.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

HYMN IV. C. M.

The Infinite God.

1 THY names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting one!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace:
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly beyond the winds.

5 Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our ſpirit fills,
And overloads our ſoul.

6 In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundleſs inconceivables,
And vaſt eternity.

HYMN V. C. M.

The Omnipreſence and Omniſcience of God.

Pſalm cxxxix.

1 LORD, thou with an unerring beam
Surveyeſt all my powers;
My riſing ſteps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my reſting hours.

2 My thoughts, ſcarce ſtruggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee;
Abroad, at home, ſtill I'm incloſ'd
With thine immenſity.

3 To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor ſteals a whiſper from my lips
Without thy liſtening ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me ſhines thy name;
And 'tis thy ſtrong almighty hand
Suſtains my tender frame,

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain eſſays
Of my aſtoniſh'd mind;
Nor can my reaſon's ſoaring eye
Its towering ſummit find.

HYMN VI. C. M.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

1 KEEP ſilence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My ſoul ſtands trembling, while ſhe ſings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be.*

3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine;
Each opening leaf, and every ſtroke
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God, the reaſon gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to ſee
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes may riſe.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in ſome humble place,
Beneath my Lord the lamb!

HYMN VII. L. M.

The Unſearchable Wiſdom of God.

1 WAIT, O my ſoul, thy maker's will,
Tumultuous paſſions, all be ſtill!
Nor let a murmuring thought ariſe,
His ways are juſt, his counſels wiſe.

2 He in the thickeſt darkneſs dwells,
Performs his work, the cauſe conceals;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth ſupport his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and ſeas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his ſaints it ſtands confeſt,
That what he does is ever beſt.

4 Wait then, my ſoul, ſubmiſſive wait,
Proſtrate before his awful ſeat;
And 'midſt the terrors of his rod,
Truſt in a wiſe and gracious God.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

The Loving-Kindneſs of the Redeemer.
Iſa. lxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, to joyful lays,
And ſing the great Redeemer's praiſe;
He juſtly claims a ſong from me,
His loving-kindneſs O how free!

2 He ſaw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithſtanding all;
He ſav'd me from my loſt eſtate,
His loving-kindneſs O how great!

3 Tho' numerous hoſts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppoſe,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN IX. Elevens.

The Mercy of God. Psa. lxxxix. 1.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, & the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections & bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy surpasses the sin of my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart,
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy ſtands open all day
To the needy and poor, who knock by the way;
No ſinner ſhall ever be empty ſent back,
Who comes ſeeking mercy for Jeſus' dear ſake.

5 Thy mercy in Jeſus exempts me from hell;
Itſ glories I'll ſing and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jeſus the friend when he hung on the tree
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodneſs I own,
And covenant love of thy crucify'd ſon:
All praiſe to the ſpirit, whoſe action divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteouſneſs mine.

HYMN X. C. M.

The Holineſs of God. Iſa. viii. 13.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us ſing.

2 Heaven's brighteſt lamps with him compar'd,
How mean thy look, and dim!
The faireſt angels have their ſpots,
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But ſinners and their wicked ways
Shall periſh from his ſight.

4 The deepeſt reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my ſoul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his ſublime abode.

5 With ſacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;

A broken heart ſhall pleaſe him more
Than the beſt forms of ſpeech.

6 Thou, holy God, preſerve my ſoul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face ſhall ſee.

HYMN XI. L. M.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

1 ETERNAL Power! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

2 The loweſt ſtep about thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wondering eyes.

3 Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to liſp thy name;
But Oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in Heaven, but man below;
Be ſhort our tunes, our words be few:
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

HYMN XII. As 113th Pſa.

God's Name proclaimed. Exodus xxxiv. 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my ſoul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories ſhine
Around thy condeſcending God!
To us, to us, he ſtill proclaims
His awful, his endearing names:
Attend, and ſound them all abroad.

2 "JEHOVAH I, the ſov'reign LORD,
"The mighty GOD, by Heav'n ador'd,
"Down to the earth my footſteps bend:
"My heart the tend'reſt pity knows,
"Goodneſs full-ſtreaming wide o'erflows,
"And grace and truth ſhall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure:
"My pard'ning love is ever ſure,
"When penitential ſorrow mourns;
"To Millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
"New hope and new delight it bears;
"Yet wrath againſt the ſinner burns."

4 Make haſte, my ſoul, the viſion meet,
All-proſtrate at thy ſov'reign's feet,
And drink the tuneful accents in;
Speak on, my LORD, repeat the voice;
Diffuſe theſe heart-expanding joys,
Till Heav'n compleat the rapt'rous ſcene.

HYMN XIII. L. M.

The Mutability of the Creation, and the Immutability of God. Pſa. cii. 25—28.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our ſouls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praiſe
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unſurpris'd ſurvey,
Saw'ſt nature riſing yeſterday;
And, as to-morrow, ſhall thine eye
See earth and ſtars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent light;
Which ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray,
While ſuns and worlds in ſmoke decay.

4 Our days a tranſient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling ſun;
And in the firmeſt ſtate we boaſt,
A moth can cruſh us into duſt.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death conſign us to the ground:
Let the laſt gen'ral flame ariſe,
And melt the arches of the ſkies:

6 Calm as the ſummer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature ſee,
While grace ſecures us an abode,
Unſhaken as the throne of God.

HYMN XIV. L. M.

God's Goodneſs to the Children of Men.
Pſa. cvii. 31.

1 YE ſons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his pow'r and goodneſs ſound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heav'ns your ſongs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light;
Where ſun, and moon, and planets roll,
And ſtars, that ſhine from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and ſhade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fiſhes and fowls, and beaſts and worms.

4 View the broad ſea's majeſtic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remoteſt nations joins,
And on each wave His goodneſs ſhines.

5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son in fleſh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my ſoul, with rapture ſear;
There in the Land of Praiſe adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undecaying day.

HYMN XV. As 113th Pſa.

The Eternal God his People's Refuge and Support.
Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 BEHOLD the great eternal God,
Spreads everlaſting arms abroad,
And calls our ſouls to ſhelter there.
Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,
To all his Iſrael he diſplays,
Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble ſoul ſhall fly,
When terrors preſs, and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tow'r I rear my head,
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidſt ſurrounding hoſts of hell.

3 The ſhadow of th' Almighty's wings
Compoſure unmoleſted brings,
While threat'ning horrors round me croud;
In vain the ſtorms of rattling hail
The walls of this retreat aſſail,
And the wild tempeſt roars aloud.

4 In louder ſtrains my fearleſs tongue
Shall warble its victorious ſong,
My Father's graces to proclaim;
He bears his infant offspring on
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name.

HYMN XVI. Eights and Sevens.

To the Bleſſed Spirit.

1 HOLY GHOST, diſpel our ſadneſs,
Pierce the clouds of ſinful night:
Come, thou ſource of ſweeteſt gladneſs,
Breathe thy life, and ſpread thy light!
Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
Great diſtributor of grace,
Reſt upon this congregation!
Hear, O hear our ſupplication.

2 From that height which knows no meaſure,
As a gracious ſhow'r deſcend:
Bringing down the richeſt treaſure
Man can wiſh, or GOD can ſend.
O thou GLORY ſhining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination!
Reſt upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou beſt of all donations
GOD can give, or we implore;
Having thy ſweet conſolations,
We need wiſh for nothing more:

Come thou unction and with pow'r,
On our ſouls thy graces ſhow'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifeſt thy love for ever,
Fence us in on ev'ry ſide
In diſtreſs, be our reliever;
Guard and teach, ſupport and guide:
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyſelf our new Creator,
And conform us to Thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occaſion;
GOD, omnipotent to ſave!
When we die, be our ſalvation;
When we're buried, be our grave:
And, when from the grave we riſe,
Take us up above the ſkies;
Seat us with thy ſaints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

HYMN XVII. Sevens.

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me ſhine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love,

2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd ſinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Waſh me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal Salvation on my heart:

Breathe Thyſelf into my breaſt,
Earneſt of immortal reſt.

4 Let me never from Thee ſtray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my ſoul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

HYMN XVIII. C. M.

The All-ſeeing God.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight.

2 There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Againſt the Judgment day.

3 And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there,
Be all expos'd before the ſun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot aſham'd I lie,
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my ſins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood waſh out my ſtains,
And anſwer for my guilt.

6 O may I now forever fear
T' indulge a ſinful thought,
Since the great GOD can ſee and hear,
And writes down every fault.

HYMN XIX. L. M.

Thoughts on God and Death.

1 THERE is a GOD that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n and earth and ſeas,
I fear his wrath, I aſk his love,
And with my lips I ſing his praiſe.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we muſt do;
My ſoul to his commands ſubmit,
For they are holy, juſt, and true.

3 There is a goſpel rich in grace,
Whence ſinners all their comforts draw,
Lord I repent and ſeek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I muſt die,
Nor do I know how ſoon 'twill come;
How many younger much than I
Have paſs'd by death to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

HYMN XX. C. M.

A Song to Creating Wiſdom.

1 ETERNAL wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Thro' ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad!
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

5 But ſtill the wonders of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſus' face
We ſee, adore, and love.

HYMN XXI. L. M.

The ſafety of truſting in God's wiſe Providence.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wiſe deſign,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obſcure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that they all are ſure,
And, tho' myſterious, juſt and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Tho' now they ſeem to roam un-ey'd,
Are led by power and goodneſs where
They beſt, and ſafeſt may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But guided by thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin ſtray,
Nor ſhall the weakeſt fail or die.

5 My favor'd ſoul ſhall meekly learn,
To lay her reaſon at thy throne;
Too weak thy ſecrets to diſcern,
I'll truſt thee for my guide alone.

HYMN XXII. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind. Pſa. cvii.

1 THRO' all the various ſhifting ſcenes,
Of life's miſtaken good or ill;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unſeen
Our changes by thy ſov'reign will.

2 Thou giveſt with paternal care,
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain,
To each their neceſſary ſhare
Of joy and ſorrow, health and pain.

3 Truſt we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terreſtrial ball?
When moſt ſecure, the coming hour,
If thou ſee fit, may blaſt them all.

4 When loweſt ſunk with grief and ſhame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Loſt to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raiſe us up.

5 Thy gracious conſolations cheer,
Thy ſmiles ſuppreſs the deep-fetch'd ſigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That ſecret wets th' afflicted eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all ſhall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care; to all beſide
Indifferent let my wiſhes be;
Paſſion be calm; and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my ſoul on thee.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

The Myſteries of Providence; or, light ſhining out of darkneſs.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

Myſteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal ſight;
Wrapt in impenetrable ſhades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliſs above,
Where thou doſt ever reign,
Theſe myſteries ſhall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The ſun of righteouſneſs ſhall there
His brighteſt beams diſplay,
And not a hovering cloud obſcure
That never-ending day.

HYMN XXV. S. M.

Exhortation to truſt in Providence.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undiſmay'd,
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and ſtorms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still ſink thy ſpirits down;
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 What tho' thou ruleſt not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God ſitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his ſov'reign ſway
To chuſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

7 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking heart,
Confirm the feeble knee.

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt breath
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN XXVI. C. M.

Divine Knowledge from Creation.

1 THE book of nature open lies,
With much inſtruction ſtor'd;
But till the LORD anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.

2 The knowledge of the ſaints excels
The wiſdom of the ſchools;
To them his ſecrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

3 To them the ſun and ſtars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field,
And all the artleſs birds that fly,
Divine inſtruction yield.

4 The creatures on their ſenſes preſs,
As witneſſes to prove

Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulneſs,
His providence and love.

5 Thus may we ſtudy nature's book,
To make us wiſe indeed!
And pity thoſe who only look
At what they cannot read.

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

The Fall of Man. Geneſis, chap. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God beſtow;
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him, lord below!

2 But oh! by ſin how quickly chang'd!
His peace and honor fled,
His heart from GOD and truth eſtrang'd,
His conſcience fill'd with dread!

3 Now from his Maker's voice he fled,
Which was before his joy;
And thought to hide his guilty head,
From an all-ſeeing eye.

4 Compell'd to anſwer to his name,
With ſtubborneſs and pride
He caſt on God himſelf the blame,
Nor once for mercy cry'd.

5 But grace, unaſk'd his heart ſubdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith the promis'd ſeed he view'd,
And felt its pow'r to ſave.

HYMN XXVIII. L. M.

Original Sin; or, The first and second Adam.

1 ADAM our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
The eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

HYMN XXIX. S. M.

The evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crouds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints.
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN XXX. L. M.

Sin and Holiness.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

1 DREAD Sinia roars, "the man be curst,
"That doth one wilful sin commit:
"Death and damnation for the first,
"Without relief, and infinite."

2 Thus flames the mount! and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings:
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary say gentler things:

3 "Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) "forgive;"
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

Harmony of the Divine Perfections.

1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan:
How suited to our needs!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Our highest praise exceeds.

2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd;

And truth and pow'r both undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, wiſdom, juſtice, pow'r and love,
In all their glory ſhone;
When Jeſus left the courts above,
And dy'd to ſave his own.

5 Truth, wiſdom, juſtice, pow'r and love,
Are equally diſplay'd;
Now Jeſus reigns enthron'd above
Our advocate and head.

6 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhor'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

Divinity of Chriſt. John i. 1. 3. 14. and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9. 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere ſin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars.
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years!

4 But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When through his eyes the Godhead ſhone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The love of our deſcending God,
The glories of Emmanuel.

HYMN XXXIV. Sevens.

Praiſe for the Incarnation.

1 SWEETER ſounds than muſic knows,
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

2 When he came the angels ſung,
"Glory be to GOD on high;"
Lord, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue,
Who ſhall louder ſing than I?

3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and ſuffer in my room,
Canſt thou then, my tongue, be ſtill?

4 No, I muſt my praiſes bring,
Though they worthleſs are and weak;
For ſhould I refuſe to ſing,
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, glorious Friend;
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN XXXV. C. M.

Atonement and Sanctification.

1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd!
Can grace sufficient means afford
To make the foe a child!

3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
Which shall effectual prove;
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 JESUS for us a ransom paid,
And dy'd that we might live;
His blood a full atonement made,
And cr'd aloud, FORGIVE.

5 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we shall slight the Lord, who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.

6 The holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace;
Rebels in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

The Gospel of Christ.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive.

5 Our raging passion it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

HYMN XXXVII. As 148th Psa.

The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the lamb of God,
The ſin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

3 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

4 The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy ſouls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

5 Jeſus our great high prieſt,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary ſpirits reſt;
Ye mournful ſouls be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

HYMN XXXVIII. Eights and Sixes.

Chriſt's Infancy.

1 O SIGHT of anguiſh! view it near,
What weeping innocence is here,
A manger for his bed!
The brutes yield refuge to his woe,
Men the worſt brutes no pity ſhow,
Nor give him friendly aid.

2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?
Why do no tempeſts rock the pole?
O miracle of grace!
Or why no angels on the wing,
Warm for the honors of their King,
To puniſh all the race?

3 Though now an infant bath'd in tears,
He call'd to form the rolling ſpheres;
And ſeraphs own'd his nod.
Helpleſs he calls, but men delay;
And guilty ſinners diſobey
The earth-born Son of God.

4 Say, radiant ſeraphs, thron'd in light,
Did love e'er tow'r ſo high a flight,
Or glory ſink ſo low?
This wonder angels ſcarce declare,
Angels the rapture ſcarce can bear,
Or equal praiſe beſtow.

5 Redemption! 'tis a boundleſs theme!
Thou boundleſs mind, our hearts inflame
With ardor from above.
Words are but faint, let joy expreſs;
Vain is mere joy, let actions bleſs
This prodigy of love.

HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

The glorious Goſpel. 1 Tim, 1. 11.

1 WHAT wiſdom, majeſty, and grace,
Thro' all the goſpel ſhine!
'Tis God that ſpeaks, and we confeſs
The doctrine moſt divine.

2 Down from his ſtarry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble fleſh aſſumes.

3 The mighty debt that ſinners ow'd,
Upon the croſs he pays:
Then thro' the clouds aſcends to God,
Midſt ſhouts of loftieſt praiſe.

4 There he our great High Prieſt appears
Before his Father's throne:
Mingles his merit with our tears,
And pours ſalvation down.

5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy juſtice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulneſs and power
Our firm dependance place.

HYMN XL. L. M.

Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

1 WHO ſhall comdemn to endleſs flames
The choſen people of our God;
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jeſu's blood.

2 He, for the ſins of his elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
Stern Juſtice views without defect
The work he wrought, the price he paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedneſs,
The famine, peril, or the ſword;
Not perſecution, or diſtreſs,
Can ſeparate from Chriſt the Lord.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Not preſent things, nor things to come,
Can change his purpoſes of love.

5 His ſovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulneſs ſhall ſtill endure:

And thoſe who on his truth depend,
Shall find his word for ever ſure.

HYMN XLI. L. M.

Electing and Sanctifying Grace. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name:
Thy God and ours are both the ſame;
What heav'nly bleſſings from his throne
Flow down to ſinners thro' his Son!

2 "Chriſt be my firſt elect," he ſaid,
Then choſe our ſouls in Chriſt our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundation for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin,
To raiſe us up from death and ſin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameleſs in love, a holy ſeed."

4 Predeſtinated to be ſons,
Born by degrees, but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.

5 With Chriſt our Lord we ſhare a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his firſt belov'd.

HYMN XLII. Sevens.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name:
Ye who his ſalvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move.
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop and taſte redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred reſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his ſpirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We ſhall all the fulneſs prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

HYMN XLIII. Eights and Sevens.

Look unto Jeſus, and be ſaved.

1 AS the ſerpent rais'd by Moſes
Heal'd the burning ſerpent's bite,
JESUS thus himſelf diſcloſes
To the wounded ſinner's ſight.

2 Hear his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full ſalvation,
Sinner look to me and live.

3 Pore upon your ſins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is ſtronger,
I my blood have freely ſpilt:

4 Though your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on me—it ſoft ſhall grow:
Paſt tranſgreſſions ſhall be pardon'd,
And I'll waſh you white as ſnow.

5 I have ſeen what you were doing;
Tho' you little thought of me;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I ſaid—It ſhall not be.

6 You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not eſpous'd your part;
Now behold my arms outſtretched,
To receive you to my heart.

7 Well may ſhame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward paſſions move;
I could cruſh thee with my thunder,
But I ſpeak to thee in love.

8 See! your ſins are all forgiv'n,
I have paid the countleſs ſum!
Now my death has open'd heav'n,
Thither you ſhall ſhortly come.

9 Deareſt Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each ſtubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:

10 From the law's condemning ſentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canſt give repentance,
Thou alone our ſouls canſt heal.

HYMN XLIV. Sevens and Sixes.

Chriſt the good Phyſician.

1 HOW loſt was my condition,
Till JESUS made me whole!
There is but one phyſician
Can cure a ſin-ſick ſoul!

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin'd;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

HYMN XLV. Tens and Elevens.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of Chriſt, lord, help us to ſing:
The blood of our prieſt, our crucify'd king;
The fountain that cleanſes from ſin and from filth,
And richly diſpenſes Salvation and health.

2 This fountain ſo dear he'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the ſpear, it flow'd from his heart;
With blood and with water, the firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter; the fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed, return and remain,
Its power may be proved again and again.

4 This fountain unſeal'd ſtands open for all,
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the ſmall;
Here's ſtrength for the weakly that hither are led;
Here's health for the ſickly, and life for the dead.

5 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite clear,
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty, come loathſome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy, come juſt as you are.

6 This fountain in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all ſtain whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows ſweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completly, tho' lep'rous as mine.

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

The fountain of Chriſt's Blood.

1 THERE is a fountain fill d with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And ſinners plung d beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Waſh all my ſins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
Till all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd, to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow r to ſave;
When this poor liſping, ſtamm'ring tongue,
Lies ſilent in the grave.

HYMN XLVII. S. M.

The Sufferings of Divine Love.

1 MY dear Redeemer ſee,
Forſaken and forlorn;
Drinking the vinegar and gall,
And crown'd with ragged thorn.

2 They pierc'd him to the heart,
Oh let me view the wound!
And count the precious, flowing drops,
That ſtain the thirſty ground.

3 Ah! who could mar thee thus,
That never didſt offend?
How could a ſinful world combine
Againſt the ſinner's friend?

4 They needed not the ſpear
To ſhed my Saviour s blood;
Love would have burſt his tender heart,
Whilſt mercy pour'd the flood.

5 O copious, healing ſtream!
Though urg'd by hoſtile hand;
From evil ſprings the mighty good,
That cleanſes Judah's land.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

The Inſpired Word a Syſtem of Knowledge and Joy.
Pſa. cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inſpiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines ſhine
To guide our ſouls to heaven.

2 It ſweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it ſtill imparts,
And quells our riſing fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, ſhall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN XLIX. L. M.

The Uſefulneſs of the Scriptures, Pſalm xix.

1 WHEN Iſrael thro' the deſert paſs'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waſte,
And leſſen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It ſheds a luſtre all abroad,
And points the path to bliſs and heaven.

3 It fills the ſoul with ſweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers,
It ſets our wandering footſteps right,
Diſplays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promiſes rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleaſure it imparts,
It comforts, and inſtructs us too.

5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,
Ye ſaints, who feel its ſaving power,
Unite your tongues to praiſe the Lord,
And his diſtinguiſh'd grace adore.

HYMN L. C. M.

The excellency and ſufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt,
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;

And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there,

HYMN LI. C. M.

Comfort from the Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I beheld my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where sense and reason fail:
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh! may thy counſels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forſake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN LII. C. M.

Efficacious Grace. Pſalm xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL! mighty Jeſus; how divine
Is thy victorious ſword!
The ſtouteſt rebel muſt reſign,
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
They pierce the hardeſt heart:
Thy ſmiles of grace the ſlain revive,
And joy ſucceeds to ſmart.

3 Still gird thy ſword upon thy thigh,
Come with majeſtic ſway:
Down from thy glorious throne on high,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete;
When all the choſen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To ſing thy conquering grace;

5 O may my humble ſoul be found
Among that favor'd band!
And I, with them, thy praiſe will ſound
As round the throne we ſtand.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

Reigning Grace.

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſov'reign, reigning grace,
The ſubject of our ſongs!

2 Grace reigns to pardon crimſon ſins,
To melt the hardeſt hearts;
And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.

3 Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds,
The ripen'd harveſt grain.

4 'Twas grace that call'd our ſouls at firſt
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

HYMN LIV. S. M.

Salvation by grace from firſt to laſt. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound!
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man,
And all the ſteps his grace diſplay,
Who drew the wondrous plan.

4 [Grace firſt inſcrib'd my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my ſorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new ſupplies each hour I meet,
While pilgrims on to God.

5 [Grace taught my ſoul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:

'Twas grace which kept me to this day
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heaven the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

HYMN LV. L. M.

God reaſoning with Men. Iſaiah i. 18.

1 COME, ſinners, ſaith the mighty God,
Henious as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I deſcend from mine abode,
To reaſon with the ſons of men.

2 No clouds of darkneſs veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flaſh around:
I come with terms of life and peace;
Where ſin hath reign'd let grace abound.

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious ſceptre bow;
O make our crimſon ſins like wool,
Our ſcarlet crimes as white as ſnow.

5 So ſhall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praiſes with a tuneful voice,
While humbly proſtrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

HYMN LVI. Eights and Sevens.

Sinners invited to come to Chriſt.

1 COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded ſick and ſore;
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing. Doubt no more!

2 Come, ye thirſty, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt, and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the *fitneſs* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's riſing beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Loſt and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jeſus came to call.

5 View him proſtrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is FINISH'D:"
Sinners, will not *this* ſuffice?

6 Lo th' incarnate God, aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but Jeſus
Can ſupply the ſinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb:
While the liveſul ſtarts of Heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

C

HYMN LVII. C. M.

Expoſtulation with Sinners.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy ſpeaks today;
He calls you by his ſov'reign word,
From ſin's deſtructive way.

2 Like the rough ſea, that cannot reſt,
You live devoid of peace;
A thouſand ſtings within your breaſt,
Deprive your ſouls of eaſe.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you perſevere?
Can you in endleſs torments dwell,
Shut up in black deſpair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of ſin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

5 But he that turns to God ſhall live,
Thro' his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of thoſe that ſeek his face.

6 Bow to the ſceptre of his word,
Renouncing every ſin;
Submit to him your ſov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your higheſt thoughts
He pard'ons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

God glorious, and Sinners ſaved, Iſai. xliv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join,
In their divineſt forms;

3 Our thoughts are loſt in reverend awe;
We love and we adore;
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn *Emmanuel's* name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN LIX. L. M.

Death and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 TO break the chains of ſin and death,
Our glorious Jeſus yields his breath:
How ſtrange the conqueſt, ſtrange to tell,
By death he conquers *death* and *hell.*

2 While ſtanding in the ſinner's ſtead,
Billows of wrath roll o'er his head;
Light from the Godhead is withdrawn,
And Jeſus drinks the cup alone.

3 Legions of angels fill the ſkies,
While our Redeemer bleeds and dies:
All nature reels beneath the load,
And trembling ſpeaks the wrath of God.

4 The rocks are with convulſions torn,
And all the heav'ns in ſackcloth mourn:
But lo! when the third morning comes,
Emmanuel riſing, leaves the tombs.

5 The riſing God let angels ſing,
The heavens with Hallelujahs ring:
"Worthy the Lamb, who once was ſlain
Let him in pow'r and glory reign."

6 Hail happy morn, which ſees him riſe,
We ſhout him welcome to the ſkies,
Welcome to glories all his own,
And welcome to his father's throne.

HYMN LX. C. M.

The heart new created.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew;
Behold he ſits upon his throne,
Creating all things new.

2 Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
From my own ſtate of ſin;
Oh make my ſoul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

3 Open mine eyes, unſtop my ears,
And form my heart afreſh;

Give me new paſſions, joys, and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

4 Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell.
In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

HYMN LXI. L. M.

Faith connected with ſalvation, Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's ſons arrive at heav'n:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient ſins forgiv'n.

2 Not the beſt deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conſcience whole:
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Chriſt, and ſaves the ſoul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my ſoul renew'd:
I mourn for ſin, and truſt the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and ſubdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its pow'r diſplay,
Let guilt and death no longer reign:
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

Human righteouſneſs inſufficient to juſtify. Mic. vi. 6—8.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, ſhall I draw near,
Or bow myſelf before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord moſt high?
Will multiply'd oblations pleaſe?
Thouſands of rams his favor buy,
Or ſlaughter'd hecatombs appeaſe?

3 Can theſe aſſuage the wrath of God?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty ſtain?
Rivers of oil, or ſeas of blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain.

4 Guilty, I ſtand before thy face;
My ſole deſert is hell and wrath;
'Twere juſt the ſentence ſhould take place;
But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death!

5 I plead the merits of thy ſon
Who dy'd for ſinners on the tree;
I plead his righteouſneſs alone,
O put the ſpotleſs robe on me.

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

God's command to all men to repent. Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celeſtial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that ſcorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the ſov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are diſpatch'd abroad
To warn the world of ſin.

3 Together in his preſence bow,
And all your guilt confeſs;
Accept the offer'd ſaviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet ſound,
And call you to his bar:

For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN LXIV. C. M.

The penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

The repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 32.

† 1 LO! what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his [illegible] drift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

† See the End of the Book

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the bluſhing face;
His bowels yearn when ſinners pray,
And mercy bears their ſins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their ſad complaints, and ſpies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous joy poſſeſt
The tender parent's throbbing breaſt,
To ſee his ſpendthrift ſon return,
And hear him his paſt follies mourn.

HYMN LXVI C. M.

The Miniſtry of Chriſt, Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him, the ſpirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the priſoners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And on the eyes oppreſt with night,
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;

And with the treaſures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hoſannas*, prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim:
And heav n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN LXVII. C. M.

The attraction of the Croſs. John xii. 32.

1 YONDER—amazing ſight!—I ſee
Th' incarnate ſon of God,
Expiring on th' accurſed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head:
The crimſon tide puts out the ſun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd ſky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
"*This* is the Son of God."

4 So great, ſo vaſt a ſacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The ſinner ſure may live.

5 O that theſe cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou haſt my heart, it ſhall be thine—
Thine it ſhall ever be!

HYMN LXVIII. L. M.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCH'D on the croſs the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans ariſe:
See, from his hands, his feet, his ſide,
Runs down the ſacred crimſon tide.

2 But life attends the deathful ſound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital ſtream, how free it flows,
To ſave and cleanſe his rebel foes.

3 Can I ſurvey this ſcene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Inſenſible to love or pain?

4 Come, deareſt Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this ſtupid heart!
'Till all its pow'rs and paſſions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN LXIX. Sevens.

Chriſt's Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. *Hallelujah.*

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raiſe
Heav'n's eternal trump of praiſe;
Let the earth's remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound. *Hallelujah.*

3 Now, ye ſaints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory ſee him riſe,
Along triumphal up the ſky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. *Hallelujah.*

4 Heav'n diſplays her portals wide,
Glorious Saviour, thro' them ride :
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own. *Hallelujah.*

5 Praiſe him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praiſe and ſweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong. *Hallelujah.*

6 Ev'ry note with wonders ſwell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal ſting! *Hallelujah.*

HYMN LXX. L. M.

Chriſt's Reſurrection a Pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave ſurvey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;
I ſee fulfill'd what prophets ſay,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb ſhall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death :
Sweet pledge, that all who truſt his name
Shall riſe, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jeſus, once number'd with the dead,
Unſeals his eyes to ſleep no more ;
And ever lives, their cauſe to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy riſen Lord, my ſoul, behold ;
See the rich diadem he wears !
Thou too ſhalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My fleſh forever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

HYMN LXXI. L. M.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion, Pſalm xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is riſen from the dead,
Our Jeſus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay;
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
" Ye everlaſting doors give way!"

3 Looſe all your maſſy bars of light,
And wide unfold the radiant ſcene;
He claims thoſe manſions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.

4 " Who is the king of glory, who?"
The *Lord* that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jeſus* is the conqu'ror's name.

5 " Who is the king of glory, who?"
The *Lord* of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſt,
The king of ſaints and angels too,
GOD over all, forever bleſt.

HYMN LXXII. As 148th Pſalm.

The kingdom of Chriſt, Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the *Lord* is king,
Your *God* and king adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The *God* of truth and love;

When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our *Jeſus* giv'n :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy;
And every boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic joy :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus the judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home :
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of *God* ſhall ſound, rejoice.

HYMN LXXIII. L. M.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Chriſt,
Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brighteſt monument of praiſe
That e'er the *God* of love deſign'd,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.

2 Begin, my ſoul, the heav'nly ſong,
A burden for an angel's tongue ;
When Gabriel ſounds theſe awful things,
He tunes and ſummons all his ſtrings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus the *Lord* of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the *God* in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
The prince of life resigns his breath,
The king of glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in *Jesu's* blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

The intercession of Christ, Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives, the great redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now before his father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their power;

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That *Jesus* bears us on his heart.

5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For *Jesus* pleads and must prevail.

HYMN LXXV. C. M.

The fulness of Christ.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear?
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the glory of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYNM LXXVI. C. M.

Chriſt the refuge of the Church.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our ſins and pains;
Now, ſeated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring ſkill;
And countleſs worlds extended wide,
Obey his ſov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd ſound his praiſe,
In yonder world above;
His ſaints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 His righteouſneſs to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms;
Affords a hiding-place and ſhield,
From enemies and ſtorms.

5 When troubles like a burning ſun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleaſing ſhade.

6 How glorious he! how happy they
In ſuch a glorious friend!
Whoſe love ſecures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN LXXVII. L. M.

Chriſt our Advocate, 1 John ii. 1.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble ſighs?
Are theſe weak breathings of deſire,
Too languid to aſcend the ſkies?

2 No, *Lord*, the breathings of deſire,
The weak petition, if ſincere,
Are not forbidden to aſpire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my ſoul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great redeemer ſtands,
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incenſe in his hands.

4 He ſweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whoſe pow'r and love forbid deſpair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious *Lord*,
With ſtronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the bliſsful word,
My *Father*, *God*, with joy divine.

HYMN LXXVIII. L. M.

Divine Forgiveneſs, Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful ſound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publiſh the bliſs the world around;
Ye ſeraphs, ſhout it from the ſky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full,' out-meaſuring every crime;
Unclouded ſhall its glories ſhine,
And feel no change, by changing time.

3 O'er ſins unnumber'd as the ſand,
And like the mountains for their ſize,
The ſeas of ſov'reign grace expand,
The ſeas of ſov'reign grace ariſe.

4 For this ſtupendous love of heav'n
What grateful honors ſhall we ſhow?

Where much tranſgreſſion is forgiv'n
Let love in equal adors glow.

5 By this inſpir'd, let all our days
With various holineſs be crown'd,
Let truth and goodneſs, pray'r and praiſe
In all abide, in all abound.

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

Adoption, or Chriſtians the Sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boaſt the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As thoſe who bear the Chriſtian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the ſons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the ſky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whiſpers inſtruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 When, through temptation they rebel,
His chaſt'ning rod he makes them feel
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He ſooths the pain, and heals the ſmart.

5 Their daily wants his hands ſupply,
Their ſteps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

HYMN LXXX. C. M.

Longing for the divine presence under sorrow.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN LXXXI. Eights and Sevens.

The Saviour's merit.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee my God;
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and Satan, cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes through the ſky;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes all that live!

3 Now I'll ſing my Saviour's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his ſpirit,
He is ſtill the very ſame.
He that aſketh ſoon receiveth,
He that ſeeks is ſure to find;
Whoſoe'er on him believeth,
He will never caſt behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Chriſt of Heav'nly birth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes through the earth.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the ſpirit be;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the ſacred one in three.

5 Now our advocate is pleading
With his father, and our God;
And for us is interceding,
As the purchaſe of his blood;
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father! ſave them—I have di'd;
And the Father anſwers ſaying,
They are freely juſtifi'd.

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God,

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who hath waſh'd us in his blood.
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the Lord of Hoſts,
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN LXXXII. C. M.

A warning to flee from the wrath to come.

1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
O! ſinners come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Ariſe without delay.

2 O! don't refuſe to give him room,
Leſt mercy ſhould withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If deſtitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge ſhall ſee,
And ſtand before his face.

4 O! could you ſhun that dreadful ſight,
How would you wiſh to fly,
To the dark ſhades of endleſs night,
From that all-ſearching eye?

5 But death and hell muſt all appear
And you among them ſtand;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Chriſt's left hand.

6 Let not theſe warnings be in vain,
But lend a liſt'ning ear;
Leſt you ſhould meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen deſpair.

HYMN LXXXIII. C. M.

The Soldier of the Croſs.

1 AM I a Soldier of the Croſs,
A follower of the Lamb;
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God?

3 Shall I be carry'd to the ſkies,
On flow'ry beds of eaſe?
While others fight to win the prize,
And ſail through bloody ſeas?

4 I too muſt fight if I would reign,
Increaſe my courage, Lord,
To bear the croſs, endure the ſhame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The ſaints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They ſee a triumph from afar,
With faith's diſcerning eye.

6 When that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
And all their armies ſhine,
With robes of vict'ry through the ſkies;
The glory ſhall be thine.

HYMN LXXXIV. C. M.

Sanctification and Pardon.

1 WHERE ſhall we ſinners hide our heads,
Can rocks or mountains ſave?
Or ſhall we wrap us in the ſhades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no ſhelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jeſus, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Thoſe guardian drops our ſouls ſecure,
And waſh away our ſins;
Eternal juſtice frowns no more,
And conſcience ſmiles within.

4 We bleſs that wondrous purple ſtream
That cleanſes every ſtain;
Yet are our ſouls but half redeem'd,
If ſin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blaſt his empire with thy breath,
That curſed throne muſt fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN LXXXV. C. M.

Perſeverance, Pſalm cxix. 117.

1 LORD, haſt thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me ſuch ſupplies of grace,
That I may perſevere.

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Suſtain a feeble worm,
I ſhall eſcape, ſecure from harm,
Amid the dreadful ſtorm.

3 Be thou my all-ſufficient friend,
'Till all my toils ſhall ceaſe;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlaſting peace.

HYMN LXXXVI. Tens and Elevens.

Humble confidence in the power and grace of Chriſt.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain ſtore,
The time for ſuch trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The ſouls that believe, in Paradiſe live,
And me in that number will Jeſus receive:
My ſoul don't delay, he calls thee away,
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can beſtow,
What light ſtrength and comfort, do after him go:
Lo onward I move, to a country above,
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great ſpoils I ſhall win, from death, hell and ſin,
Midſt outward afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt within:
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to ſee my Lord's face.

6 And now'tis my care, my neighbors may ſhare
Theſe bleſſings; to ſeek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here aſſures you free grace is enough?

HYMN LXXXVII. C. M.

Chriſt crown'd as Lord of all.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jeſu's name!
Let Angels proſtrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of All.

2 Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of All.

3 Crown Him, ye morning ſtars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the ſtrength of Iſrael's might,
And crown Him Lord of All.

4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown Him Lord of All.

5 Ye ſeed of Iſrael's choſen race,
Ye ranſom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of All.

6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of All.

7 Sinners, whoſe love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of All.

8 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
That bear the Saviour's call,
Now ſhout in univerſal ſong,
And crown Him Lord of All

HYMN LXXXVIII. L. M.

Chriſt the Bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll ſo near
The Saviour's throne of ſhining bliſs,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We ſing the bright and morning-ſtar
(*Jeſus*, the ſpring of light and love;)
See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, ſpread wide abroad,
And guide the Chriſtian in his way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a conſtant day.

4 When ſhall we reach the heav'nly place,
Where this bright ſtar will brighteſt ſhine;
Leave far behind theſe ſcenes of night,
And view a luſtre all divine?

HYMN LXXXIX. L. M.

Jehovah the true God. Pſalm xcvii.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his juſt government rejoice;
Let all the iſles with ſacred mirth,
In his applauſe unite their voice.

2 Darkneſs and clouds, of awful ſhade,
His dazling glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face,
His foes around with vengeance ſtruck;
His lightnings ſet the world on blaze,
Earth ſaw it, and with terror ſhook.

4 The proudeſt hills his preſence felt,
Their height nor ſtrength could help afford,
The proudeſt hills like wax did melt
In preſence of th' Almighty Lord.

5 The heav'ns his righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With ſtorms of fire our foes purſu'd:
And all the trembling world below,
Have his deſcending glory view'd.

6 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan pride and pow'r deſtroy'd.

7 Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord;
Memorials of his holineſs,
Deep in your faithful breaſts record,
And with your thankful tongues confeſs.

HYMN XC. Eights.

Praiſing at the foot of the croſs.

1 O LOVE divine, what haſt thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

2 Sinners, behold, as ye paſs by,
The bleeding prince of life and peace;
Come, ſee, ye worms, your maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like His?
Come, feel with me his blood applied;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;

Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchas'd with his blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing speak, or think beside:
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

HYMN XCI. Eights and Sevens.

Love Divine.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling:
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast:
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest;
Take away the love of sinning:
Take our load of guilt away,
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by Thee:

Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
'Till we caſt our crowns before Thee,
Loſt in wonder, love and praiſe.

HYMN XCII. C. M.

Healing mercy in Jeſus.

1 Heal us, Emmanuel, here we ſtand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded ſouls ſtretch forth thy hand,
Bleſt Saviour, we are ſuch.

2 Our faith is weak, our ſtrength is ſmall,
We faintly truſt thy word;
Sure thou wilt hear the mourner call
And ſay, "behold thy Lord."

3 Thou pity'dſt him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the preſs,
And healing virtue ſtole,
Was anſwered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! ſend us not deſpairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN XCIII. C. M.

Walking with God, Geneſis v. 24.

1 OH! for a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jeſus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt;
I hate the ſins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN XCIV. Tens and Elevens.

The Lord will Provide.

1 THO' troubles aſſail, and dangers affright,
Though friends ſhould all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing ſecures us, whatever betide,
The ſcripture aſſures us, that God will provide.

2 The birds without barn or ſtorehouſe are fed,
From them let us learn to truſt for our bread:
His ſaints what is fitting, ſhall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may like the ſhips, by tempeſts be toſt
On perilous deeps, but cannot be loſt;

Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
His promiſe engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are ſtrangers, we have a good guide,
And truſt in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to ſtop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promiſe, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we ſeek we ne'er ſhall obtain;
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our ſpirits have ply'd,
This anſwers all queſtions, the Lord will provide.

7 No ſtrength of our own, or goodneſs we claim,
Yet ſince we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our ſtrong tower for ſafety we hide,
The Lord is our power, and he will provide.

8 When life ſinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace ſhall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Chriſt on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN XCV. C. M.

Aaron a type of Chriſt.

1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed prieſt,
Within the vail appear,
2 Robes of myſtic meaning dreſt,
Preſenting Iſrael's prayer.

2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holineſs deſcribes;
His breaſt diſplays in ſhining rows,
The names of all the tribes.

3 With the atoning blood he ſtands
Before the mercy-ſeat,
And clouds of incenſe from his hands
Ariſe with odour ſweet.

4 Through him, the eye of faith deſcries
A greater prieſt than he:
Thus Jeſus pleads above the ſkies,
For you, my friends, and me.

5 He bears the names of all his ſaints,
Deep on his heart engrav'd;
Attentive to the ſtate and wants
Of all his love has ſav'd.

6 In him a holineſs complete,
Light and perfections ſhine,
And wiſdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.

HYMN XCVI. S. M.

The vanity of Balaam's wiſh.

1 HOW bleſt the righteous are,
When they reſign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wiſh'd to ſhare
In ſuch a happy death.

2 "Oh! let me die, ſaid he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth, how great!
When enemies confeſs,

None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A ſolid hope poſſeſs.

4 But Balaam's wiſh was vain,
His heart was inſincere:
He thirſted for unrighteous gain,
And ſought a portion here.

5 He ſeem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth;
But Mammom prov'd his overthrow,
For none can ſerve them both.

6 May we, O Lord, moſt high,
Warning from hence receive,
If like the righteous we would die,
To chooſe the life they live.

HYMN XCVII. L. M.

As thy days, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED ſaint, to Chriſt draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promiſe hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

2 Let not thy heart deſpond and ſay,
"How ſhall I ſtand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are ſtrong;
And though the conflict ſhould be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

4 Should perſecution rage and flame,
Still truſt in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou ſhalt ſee,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be,

5 When call'd to bear the weighty croſs,
Of ſore affliction, pain or loſs,
Or deep diſtreſs, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

6 When ghaſtly death appears in view,
Chriſt's preſence ſhall thy fears ſubdue;
He comes to ſet thy ſpirit free,
And as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

HYMN XCVIII. C. M.

Chriſt the deſire of all nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties ſhine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remoteſt end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows aſcend,
In thee their wiſhes meet.

3 Thy name as precious ointment ſhed,
Delights the church around:
Sweetly the ſacred odors ſpread
Through all Emmanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy ſpirits live
On thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
From thee they all their bliſs receive,
And ſtill thou giveſt more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy:
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongue employ
Through all eternity.

HYMN XCIX. L. M.

Chriſt our example. John xiii. 15.

1 WHENE'ER the angry paſſions riſe,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to ſtriſe,
To Jeſus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Chriſtian life!

2 See how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And theſe the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

4 Diſpenſing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
If we regard the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

5 But ah how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aſide!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And aſk thy ſpirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy tranſforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN C. C. M.

Chriſt the pearl of great price. Matt. xiii. 46.

1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treaſure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye ſpecious baits of ſenſe;
Ineſtimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immenſe!

3 Jeſus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely ſweet!
Jeſus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleaſure meet.

4 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boaſted ſtores reſign;
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treaſures all depart,
Of this dear gift poſſeſs'd,
I'd claſp it to my joyful heart,
And think myſelf moſt bleſs'd.

6 Dear ſov'reign of my ſoul's deſires,
Thy love is bliſs divine;
Accept the wiſh that love inſpires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN CI. L. M.

Chriſt the phyſician of ſouls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which ſin hath made;
Where ſhall the ſinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal ſtrength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And ſpreads its poiſon to the heart.

3 And can no ſov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind phyſician nigh,

To eaſe the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?

4 There is a great phyſician near,
Look up, O fainting ſoul, and live ;
See, in his heav'nly ſmiles appear
Such eaſe as nature cannot give !

5 See in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliſs abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear ſacred flood
Can cleanſe the heart, and heal its wo:.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a ſov'reign cure is found ;
A cordial for a fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

HYMN CII L. M.

Chriſt the chriſtian's ſufficiency.

1 Now in a ſong of grateful praiſe,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raiſe :
With all the Saints I'll join to tell,
That Jeſus hath done all things well.

2 I ſpurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cauſe ;
To ſave me when I did rebel,
My Jeſus hath done all things well.

3 And ſince my ſoul hath known his love,
What bleſſings hath he made me prove ?
Mercy, which doth all praiſe excel ;
For Jeſus hath done all things well.

4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know in all which hath befel,
That Jeſus hath done all things well.

5 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride;
Yet on my heart it ſtill doth dwell,
That Jeſus hath done all things well.

6 Soon I ſhall paſs this vale of death,
And in his arms ſhall loſe my breath;
And then my happy ſoul ſhall tell,
How Jeſus hath done all things well.

HYMN CIII. L. M.

The effects of the fall lamented.

1 SEE human nature ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on Jeſu's name;
The father wounded through the ſon;
The world abus'd, the ſoul undone.

2 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight,
Cloſing in everlaſting night;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Kindled by ſin the ſource of woe.

3 My God, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the fire-brands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep, where moſt it loves:
Thy own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

HYMN CIV. L. M.

Seeking to God for the communication of his ſpirit, Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious ſov'reign, from thy throne,
And ſend thy various bleſſings down:
While by thine Iſrael thou art ſought,
Oh hear the pray'r thy word hath taught.

2 Come, ſacred ſpirit, from above,
And fill the coldeſt heart with love;
Soften to fleſh the rugged ſtone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtieſt eyes
Shall floods of pious ſorrow riſe;
While all their glowing ſouls are borne
To ſeek that grace, which now they ſcorn.

4 O let a holy flock await
Num'rous around thy temple-gate,
Each preſſing on with zeal to be
A living ſacrifice to thee.

5 In anſwer to our fervent cries,
Give us to ſee thy church ariſe;
Or, if that bleſſing ſeem too great,
Give us to mourn its low eſtate.

HYMN CV. L. M.

The leadings of the ſpirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious ſpirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and ſtep preſide.

3 Conduct us ſafe, conduct us far
From every ſin and hurtful ſnare;
Lead to thy word that rules muſt give,
And teach us leſſons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN CVI. Eights.

The influences of the spirit desired.

1 ETERNAL spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, condescending spirit come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
Come vivifying spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home!

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise;
Let every pious passion glow:
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

HYMN CVII. L. M.

The influences of the spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17.

1 SURE the blest comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

6 Let thy kind spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN CVIII. L. M.

The grieved spirit entreated not to depart. Ps. li. 11.

1 STAY, thou insulted spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:

2 Though I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honor of my great high-prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
I ſhall not ſee thy people's reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with the calm repoſe.

5 E'en now my weary ſoul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CIX. C. M.

The ſpirit of God inſenſibly withdrawn. Judges xvi. 20.

1 A PRESENT God is all our ſtrength,
And all our joy and hope;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace muſt droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts
To court their falſe embrace,
Till juſtly this neglected friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us and we miſs him not;
But go preſumptuous on,
Till baffled, wounded, and enſlav'd,
We learn, that God is gone.

4 And what, my ſoul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Sever'd from him, their better life,
How can his children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote theſe eyes to tears,
Till chear'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place,
Where once thy temple ſtood;
For lo, its ruins bear the mark
Of rich atoning blood.

HYMN CX. Sevens.

Sin bewailed. 1 Kings iii. 5.

1 COME, my ſoul, thy ſuit prepare,
Jeſus loves to anſwer pray'r;
He himſelf has bid thee pray,
Riſe and aſk without delay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of ſin!
Let thy blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Set my conſcience free from guilt.

3. Lord! I come to thee for reſt,
Take poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glaſs
Anſwers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own reſemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my ſpirit cheer;

As my guide, my guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my ſtrength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN CXI. L. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 OUR wiſhes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindling our love to him again.

2 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Deſires, till then unknown, take place;
Our ſpirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holineſs and grace.

3 And doſt thou ſay, "Aſk what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would ſeize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from ſin and Satan's pow'r.

4 More of thy preſence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

HYMN CXII. C. M.

Faith's review and expectation.

1 AMAZING grace! (how ſweet the ſound)
That ſav'd a wretch like me!
I once was loſt, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I ſee.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I firſt believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and ſnares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me ſafe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope ſecures;
He will my ſhield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this fleſh and heart ſhall fail,
And mortal life ſhall ceaſe;
I ſhall poſſeſs within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth ſhall ſoon diſſolve like ſnow,
The ſun forbear to ſhine;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN CXIII. L. M.

The preſſure of Sin.

1 O THAT my load of ſin were gone—
O that I could at laſt ſubmit,
At Jeſus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my ſoul at Jeſus' feet.

2 When ſhall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my ſalvation ſee?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'ſt I am,
Yet ſtill I cannot come to thee.

3 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou muſt give the pow'r)
My heart were from its ſins releas'd:
O let me ſee that happy hour,
'Twill fill my ſoul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping ſinner cheer,
Let not my Jeſus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

HYMN CXIV. L. M.

A Sinner ſubmitting to God.

1 WEARY of ſtruggling with my pain,
Hopeleſs to burſt this ſinful chain,
At length I give the conteſt o'er,
And ſeek to free myſelf no more.

2 From my own works at laſt I ceaſe—
God that creates muſt ſeal my peace;
Fruitleſs my toil and vain my care,
Unleſs thy ſov'reign grace I ſhare.

3 Lord, I deſpair myſelf to heal,
I ſee my ſin but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy ſpirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of fleſh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all reſign,
To draw, redeem and ſeal is thine.

5 With ſimple truth to thee I call,
Thy light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that ſpeaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my ſickneſs cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteouſneſs, and joy impart,
And pour thyſelf into my heart.

HYMN CXV. L. M.

Invitation to ſinners.

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel word,
Haſte to the ſupper of your Lord:
Be wiſe to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning Son,
Ready the gracious Saviour ſtands
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the ſpirit from above
To fill the ſinful heart with love,
T' apply and witneſs Jeſu's blood
And waſh and ſeal you ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps by which they praiſe,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye ſinners, to the Lord,
To happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel grace.

6 O quit this world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſu's arms;
Wreſtle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN CXVI. C. M.

Fortitude under reproaches.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or shall I basely flee.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man?
Behold thy heav'nly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 O how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will;
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

HYMN CXVII. C. M.

The Gospel suited to the wants of all.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy ſalvation flow;
It's not confin'd to ſex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their ſhare;
No mortal has a juſt pretence,
To periſh in deſpair.

4 Come all ye wretched ſinners come,
He'll form your ſouls anew;
His goſpel and his heart have room
For rebels ſuch as you.

HYMN CXVIII. L. M.

The Excellency of the Prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 'MIDST all the prieſts of Jewiſh race,
Jeſus the moſt illuſtrious ſtands:
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedeck
Cou'd claim ſuch high deſcent as he;
His nature and his name beſpeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Deſcending from the throne above,
He bears th' endearing name of ſon;
Dreſs'd in our fleſh and mov'd by love,
He puts his prieſtly garments on.

4 Soon he preſents his ſacrifice,
An off'ring moſt divinely ſweet;
While clouds of fragrant incenſe riſe,
And cover o'er the mercy ſeat.

5 The father with approving ſmile
Accepts the off'ring of his ſon:

New joys the wond'ring angels feel,
And haſte to bear the tidings down.

6 The welcome news their lips repeat,
Gives ſacred pleaſure to my breaſt;
Henceforth, my ſoul, thy cauſe commit
To Chriſt, thy advocate and prieſt.

HYMN CXIX. L. M.

Chriſt the Way *to the heavenly Canaan.*

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment,
The king's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
Come hither, ſoul, "I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou bleſt lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN CXX. C. M.

Mercy prevailing. Ezek. xvi. 63.

1 ONCE periſhing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give;
But Jeſus paſs'd me in the way,
He ſaw, and bid me live.

2 O can I e'er that day forget,
When Jeſus kindly ſpoke!
Poor ſoul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

3 Behold, I take thee for my own,
And give myſelf to thee;
Forſake the idols thou haſt known,
And yield thyſelf to me."

4 Ah worthleſs heart! it promis'd fair,
And ſaid it would be thine;
But little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

5 LORD, doſt thou ſuch back-ſlidings heal,
And pardon all that's paſt?
Sure, if I am not made of ſteel,
I ſhall relent at laſt.

6 My tongue, which raſhly ſpoke before,
Thy mercy will reſtrain;
Surely I now ſhall boaſt no more,
Nor cenſure, nor complain.

HYMN CXXI. L. M.

The power of Divine Grace, in anſwer to Prayer.
Ezek. xxxvi. 25—28.

1 THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
Behold I change your hearts of ſtone:
Ye ſhall renounce each idol-god,
And ſerve, and praiſe the LORD alone.

2 My grace, a flowing ſtream proceeds,
To waſh your filthineſs away;
Ye ſhall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my ſtatutes to obey.

3 My truth the great deſign inſures,
I give myſelf away to you;
Ye ſhall be mine, I will be yours,
Your GOD unalterably true.

4 Yet not unſought, nor unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace will I confer;
No—your whole hearts ſhall ſeek the LORD,
I'll put a praying ſpirit there.

5 From the firſt breath of life divine,
Down to the laſt expiring hour;
The gracious work ſhall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

HYMN CXXII. C. M.

The Leper healed. Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 WHEN the poor leper's caſe I read,
My own deſcrib d *I* feel;
Sin is a leproſy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.

2 What anguſh did my ſoul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd?
The more I ſtrove myſelf to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

3 While thus I lay diſtreſs'd, I ſaw
The Saviour paſſing by;
To him, though fill'd with ſhame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.

4 LORD, thou canſt heal me if thou wilt,
Oh pity to me ſhew,

O cleanſe my lep'rous ſoul from guilt;
My filthy heart renew.

5 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word;
"I will—be clean," and while he ſpoke,
I felt my health reſtor'd.

6 Come, ſinners ſeize the preſent hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He can relive, for he is pow'r,
He will, for he is love.

HYMN CXXIII. L. M.

Barrenneſs and Indwelling Sin.

1 LORD, I'm defil'd in every part,
Barren my life, and cold my heart,
Yet ſometimes, through thy ſov'reign grace,
I catch a glimpſe of Jeſu's face.

2 This gives my drowſy heart a ſpring,
I fain would riſe, and fain would ſing;
But ſoon a cloud rolls in between,
All black with ſome indwelling ſin.

3 My notes then faulter on my tongue,
The foul contagion ſpoils my ſong;
But Thou, who doſt the world control,
Speak but the word, I ſhall be whole.

HYMN CXXIV. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs,
And ſaves me from its ſnares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire

Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shews me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
'Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

HYMN CXXV. Eights.

Faith conquering.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.
'Tis faith that still leads us along,
And lives under pressure and load,
That makes us in weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

2 It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair:
And Oh! let us wonder to tell,
It wrestles and conquers by pray'r.

Permits a vile worm of the duſt,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveneſs as juſt,
And look for his love to the end.

3 It ſays to the mountains, "depart,"
That ſtand between God and the ſoul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded conſciences whole;
Bids ſins of a crimſon-like dye
Be ſpotleſs as ſnow, and as white;
And raiſes the ſinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN CXXVI. C. M.

Faith ſuperior to Senſe.

1 SIGHT, hearing, feeling, taſte and ſmell,
Are gifts we highly prize;
But theſe may downward lead to hell,
While faith to heav'n doth riſe.

2 More piercing than the eagle's ſight,
Faith views the world unknown:
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And JESUS on the throne.

3 It hears the mighty voice of GOD,
And ponders what he ſaith;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.

4 It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r,
And from the boundleſs ſource,
Derives freſh vigour ev'ry hour
To run its daily courſe.

5 The truth and goodneſs of the LORD
Are ſuited to its taſte;
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board,
To faith's perpetual feaſt.

6 Till saving faith possess the mind,
In vain of sense we boast;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

HYMN CXXVII. Sevens and Sixes.

Divine light breaking into the soul.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To chear it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us thro',
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wanted fruit should bear,
Tho' all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:

Yet God the ſame abiding,
His praiſe ſhall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN CXXVIII. C. M.

Chriſt revealed in a ſoul ſlain by the law.

1 SMOTE by thy law, I'm juſtly ſlain,
Great God, behold my caſe;
Pity a ſinner fill'd with pain,
Nor drive me from thy face.

2 Dread terrors fright my guilty ſoul,
Thy juſtice, all in flames,
Gives ſentence on this heart ſo foul,
So hard, ſo full of crimes.

3 'Tis trembling hardneſs that I feel;
I fear, but can't relent,
Perhaps of endleſs death the ſeal:
Oh that I could repent!

4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile,
My duties black with guilt;
On ſuch a wretch can mercy ſmile,
Tho' Jeſu's blood was ſpilt?

5 Speechleſs I ſink to endleſs night,
I ſee an opening hell:
But lo! what glory ſtrikes my ſight?
Such glory who can tell!

6 Enwrapt in theſe bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God:
Swell, ſwell the note; Oh, tell his grace!
Sound his high praiſe abroad!

7 Now rise, my soul, adore and love,
Leave sin and hell behind;
Give all thy pow'rs to heav'n above,
And praise th' eternal mind.

HYMN CXXIX. L. M.

On the hardness of the heart.

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take the stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rent, the earth can quake;
The sea can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But pow'r divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that pow'r I need;
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

6 Then dearest Lord, thy spirit give,
And make my drooping heart revive;
No longer then shall I repine,
No longer mourn this heart of mine.

7 But anthems dwell upon my tongue,
And this ſhall ever be my ſong,
'Twas nought but ſov'reign love divine,
That mov'd this ſtupid heart of mine.

HYMN CXXX. Severn.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion.

1 HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes;
Chriſt a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n,
There the pompous triumph waits;
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
"Take the King of glory in!"

2 Him tho' higheſt heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our world away;
See thy faithful ſervants, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, tho' parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height,—
Grant our ſouls may thither riſe,
Following thee beyond the ſkies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing for a happier home;

There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign,
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heaven of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN CXXXI. Sevens.

Chriſt's triumphant aſcenſion.

1 JESUS our triumphant head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead;
To the realms of glory's gone,
To aſcend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the conqueror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
Each bright order of the ſky,
Hail him, as he paſſes by!

3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
See their garments at his feet!
By his ſcars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood!

4 Heav'n its king congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates;
Angels, ſongs of vict'ry bring,
All the bliſsful regions ring!

5 Sinners join the heav'nly pow'rs,
For redemption all is ours;
None but burden'd ſinners prove
Blood bought pardon, dying love.

6 Hail! thou dear, thou worthy Lord!
Holy Lamb! incarnate word!
Hail! thou ſuff'ring Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN CXXXII. L. M.

Hope encouraged by a view of the divine perfections

1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY ſinks my weak deſponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious ſigh?
Can ſov'reign goodneſs be unkind?
Am I not ſafe when God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand;
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he ſupports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they ſpread, how bright they ſhine!

4 Infinite wiſdom! boundleſs pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulneſs and love!
Here let me truſt, while I adore,
And from my refuge ne'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A preſent help in times of need,
Still kind to hear and ſtrong to ſave.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And eaſe the ſorrows of my breaſt;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am bleſt.

HYMN CXXXIII. C. M.

A penitent pleading for mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we ſinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcaſt eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 [On us, the vaſt extent diſplay
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 We ſink, with all this weight oppreſs'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
Oh, give our troubled ſpirits reſt,
Our num'rous fears diſpel.]

4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
We would thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhauſtleſs ſtore,
And thou thyſelf art love.

5 Oh, for thy own, for Jeſu's ſake,
Our many ſins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking ſoon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repoſſeſs thy throne.

HYMN CXXXIV. Sevens.

Rejoicing in hope. Iſaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt,
You near Jeſu's throne ſhall reſt:

There your ſeats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your father's ſon,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

5 Lord! ſubmiſſive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

HYMN CXXXV. L. M.

—Return of joy.—

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act a ſinful part,
And ſtill indulge diſtruſt of thee!

3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn:)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Lord, therefore, all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame, and ſelf-abhorrence, mine.

HYMN CXXXVI. L. M.

Gravity and decency.

1 BEHOLD the ſons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jeſu's blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport and play,
To wear out time and waſte the day?

3 Doth vain diſcourſe, or empty mirth
Well ſuit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 Lord, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll paſs theſe glittering trifles by.
Oh, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher;
Touch our vain ſouls with ſacred fire;

5 Then we will look on toys below
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To manſions promis'd in the ſkies.

HYMN CXXXVII. L. M.

A young convert falling into darkneſs.

1 WHEN converts firſt begin to ſing,
Their happy ſouls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Chriſt above.

2 With admiration they behold
The love of Chriſt that can't be told,
They view themſelves upon the ſhore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themſelves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are ſlain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is caſt down to hell.

4 They wonder why old ſaints don't ſing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring,
Ring with melodious joyful ſound,
Becauſe a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble ſouls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes were vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did ſhine ſo bright,
Is turned to the ſhades of night;
Their hearts that did with muſic ring
Are now untun'd in every ſtring.

7 O! fooliſh child, why didſt thou boaſt,
In the enlargement of thy coaſt?
Why didſt thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'ſt this feeble clay?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harneſs, ſword and ſhield;
Stand faſt in faith, fight for your king,
And ſoon the vict'ry you ſhall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with theſe bleſſed lines:
Jeſus our Lord has ſwept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN CXXXVIII. L. M.

Love to Chriſt, preſent or abſent.

1 OF all the joys, which creatures know,
Jeſus, thy love exceeds the reſt;
'Tis the beſt bleſſing here below,
The higheſt rapture of the bleſt.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile that's ſeen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 Hearing thy ſpeech, immortal joys
Raviſh our ears, and fill the heart;
Our ſouls all melt by thy dear voice,
And pleaſure ſhoots through every part.

4 When of thy abſence we complain,
And long and weep and humbly pray;
There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain,
Thoſe tears are ſweet which mourn thy ſtay.

5 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night,
For ſome kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

6 Jeſus our God deſcend and come,
Our eyes ſhall dwell upon thy face;
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Lord at home,
And feel the preſence of thy grace.

HYMN CXXXIX. S. M.

The good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

1 I would, but cannot ſing,
I would, but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my ſoul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This ſtony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jeſus makes it ſoft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A ſoul ſo baſe as mine.

4 I would, but cannot reſt
In God's moſt holy will;
I know what he appoints is beſt,
Yet murmur at it ſtill.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would eaſy be;
I would but cannot—Lord, relieve!
My help muſt come from thee.

6 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou haſt begun?
And with a will afford me ſtrength,
In all thy ways to run?

HYMN CXL. C. M.

The doubting chriſtian.

OF ſinful Adam's num'rous race,
I find myſelf moſt vile;
To me can God extend his grace,
Or ever grant a ſmile?

Can I be call'd a child of God,
Can I his promiſe claim;
While ſinking in the loathſome flood,
Of inbred ſin and ſhame?

Once I could ſhout his praiſes high,
And call him Lord and king:

But now how cold and dead I lie,
Nor dare I think to ſing.

4 Once I could join his praying flock,
And thought the union ſweet:
Conſcience forbids me now to mock,
By claiming there a ſeat.

5 Was I deceiv'd? Bleſt ſpirit tell,
Nor leave me to deſpair:
Sometimes a heav'n ſometimes a hell,
Within this heart appear.

6 Sometimes I feel a beam divine,
The God I own and love;
It ſeams direct from heav'n to ſhine,
And call me ſtrait above.

7 I ſtretch my wings, and fain would fly;
But Oh, my want of pow'r!
The viſion ends, I ſin and ſigh,
And count the awful ſcore.

8 Great God, reſolve this painful ſtrife,
Grant faith and love may reign;
Then I'll devote an endleſs life
To ſing in higheſt ſtrain.

HYMN CXLI. C. M.

A Prayer of the ſick Soul.

1 THOU great Phyſician of the ſoul,
To thee I bring my caſe;
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Help me to ſtate my whole complaint,
But where ſhall I begin?
Nor words, nor thoughts, can fully paint
That worſt diſtemper, ſin.

3 It lies not in a ſingle part,
But through my frame is ſpread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palſy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
It overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and ſhame.

5 A thouſand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breaſt;
Which indiſpoſe me for my food,
And rob me of my reſt.

6 Lord, I am ſick, regard my cry,
And ſet my ſpirit free;
Say, canſt thou let a ſinner die,
Who longs to live to thee.

HYMN CXLII. C. M.

O that I were as in months paſt. Job. xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning ſhades prevail'd,
His love was all my ſong.

3 In pray'r my ſoul drew near the Lord,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promiſe mine.

4 But now when ev'ning ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns:

And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noiſe,
For Jeſus hides his face;
I read, the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

6 Riſe, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my ſoul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy ſhare.

HYMN CXLIII. Sevens.

The Chriſtian in darkneſs.

1 SAVIOUR, ſhine and cheer my ſoul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded ſpirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word, and ſet me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2 Once I thought my mountain ſtrong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move;
Then thy grace was all my ſong,
Then my ſoul was fill'd with love;
Thoſe were happy golden days,
Sweetly ſpent in pray'r and praiſe.

3 Little, then, myſelf I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I feel my ſins anew,
Now I feel the ſtormy hour!
He has put my joys to flight,
He has chang'd my day to night.

4 Satan aſks, and mocks my woe,
"Boaſter, where is now your God?"

Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood :
Tell him, since I know thy name,
Though I change, thou art the ſame.

HYMN CXLIV. C. M.

— The contrite Heart. —

1 THE LORD will happineſs divine
On contrite hearts beſtow :
Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

2 I hear, but ſeem to hear in vain,
Inſenſible as ſteel ;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I cou'd ;
But often feel another mind,
Averſe to all that's good.

4 My beſt deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more ;
But when I cry. " My ſtrength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 I ſee thy ſaints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy houſe of pray'r ;
But ſtill in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

HYMN CXLV. Sevens.

Self Examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to find,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought:
Am I to the Lord inclin'd?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove?
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love!

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall?
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet
Chuſe the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful caſe!
Thou who art thy people's ſun;

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
Help me arise to praise and pray;
Guide me to the heav'nly shore,
There to see eternal day.

HYMN CXLVI. L. M.

Vanity of the world.

1 WEALTH is a blessing only lent,
To be repaid by deeds of love;
God gives his bounties to be spent,
To hoard them will his anger move.

2 The world's esteem is but a bribe;
To buy its peace we sell our own,
Enslav'd by an applauding tribe,
Who hate us while they make us known.

3 The joy that vain amusements give,
To him who thoughtless sports and sings,
Is like the honey of a hive,
When guarded by a thousand stings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous smiles;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

5 'Tis thus that thousands hasten down
From pleasure, into endless woe;
And with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

6 Warn'd by their woes, may we be wise,
Delighting in a Saviour's charms;
Then God will take us to the skies,
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

HYMN CXLVII. C. M.

Truſt of the wicked and the righteous. Jer. xvii. 5, 8.

1 SEE how the worthleſs bramble ſtands
Beneath a burning ſky;
Wither'd and parch'd in barren ſands,
And only grows to die.

2 Such is the ſinner's awful caſe,
Who makes the world his truſt;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and duſt.

3 A ſecret curſe deſtroys his root,
And dries his moiſture up;
He lives a while, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whoſe hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The ſoul that truſts in ſuch a friend
Can ne'er be overthrown.

HYMN CXLVIII. C. M.

Delight in God. Pſalm xxxvii. 4.

1 GRANT Lord, I may delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My beſt, my only friend.

2 When all created ſtreams are dry'd,
Thy fulneſs is the ſame;
May I with this be ſatisfy'd,
And glory in thy name!

3 Why ſhould the ſoul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters ſweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But all is found in thee;
I muſt be bleſſed, and abound,
While thou art God to me.

5 O that I had a ſtronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour ſaith,
Whoſe word can never vail!

6 O Lord, I caſt my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern ſhall be
To love and pleaſe thee more.

HYMN CXLIX. L. M.

The wonderful love of Chriſt.

1 COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to ſtone, or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed fair one bend,
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies!

2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heav'nly look
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling ſkies!
Jeſus the God extends his arms,
Hangs on a croſs of love, and dies.

5 Did ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?

Was ever rebel courted ſo,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing ſmart;
"By theſe dear wounds," ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

7 Sure I muſt love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſions move?
Lord! melt this ſtubborn heart to tears;
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

HYMN CL. S. M.

A parting Hymn.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Chriſtian love;
The fellowſhip of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2 Before our father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We ſhare our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The ſympathizing tear.

4 When we aſunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we ſhall ſtill be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to ſee the day.

6 From ſorrow, toil, and pain,
And ſin, we ſhall be free;
And perfect love and friendſhip reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN CLI. S. M.

Chriſtian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

1 LET party names no more
The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Chriſt their head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let diſcord, child of hell!
Be baniſh'd far away:
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CLII. C. M.

Love to our enemies from the example of Chriſt.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

1 ALOUD we ſing the wond'rous grace,
Chriſt to his murderers bare;
Which made the tottering croſs its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father forgive," his mercy cry'd,
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal bleſſings down
On thoſe who wrought his death.

3 Jeſus, this wond'rous love we ſing,
And whilſt we ſing admire;
Breathe on our ſouls and kindle there,
The ſame celeſtial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, Lord,
For enemies we'll pray;
With love their hatred we'll reward
With bleſſings we'll repay.

HYMN CLIII. C. M.

All attainments vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3.

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richeſt gifts on me,
Still, O my God, I ſhould be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not ſhining wit, nor manly ſenſe,
Could make me truly good:
Nor zeal itſelf could recompenſe
The want of love to God.

3 Did I poſſeſs the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace,
My loudeſt words, my loftieſt ſongs
Would be but ſounding braſs.

4 Though thou ſhouldſt give me heav'nly ſkill,
Each myſt'ry to explain,
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I ſo ſtrong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 O grant me then this one requeſt,
And I'll be ſatisfy'd,
That love divine may rule my breaſt,
And all my actions guide.

HYMN CLIV. L. M.

Chriſtian patience. Luke xxi. 19.

1 PATIENCE! O what a grace divine!
Giv'n by the God of love and pow'r,
That leans upon a father's hand,
In ev'ry dark, afflicting hour.

2 By patience we ſerenely bear
The troubles of our mortal ſtate;
And wait contented our diſcharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we in full ſenſation feel
The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
We ſmile amid our heavieſt woes,
And triumph in our ſharpeſt pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breaſt,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the ſhores of endleſs reſt!

5 Faith into viſion ſhall reſign,
Hope ſhall in full fruition die;
And patience in poſſeſſion end
In the bright worlds of bliſs on high.

HYMN CLV. L. M.

Patience from an aſſurance of divine love.

1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand pours out to me,
I cheerfully will drink it up,
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 'Tis fill'd with thine unchanging love,
And not a drop of wrath is there:
The saints for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN CLVI. Eights.

A Prayer for the promised rest in Christ.

1 DEAR friend of guilty sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
And make his heart to thee resign,
A worm, by guilt and sin distrest,
That pants to reach the promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear, and rev'rend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
In thee to live, in thee to move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Sure, Lord, thou wilt thy servants keep,
And bless them with thy gracious smiles,
A gentle shepherd of thy sheep,
To guard them from the tempter's wiles:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust in thee for promis'd rest.

4 Take me, dear Saviour, for thine own,
And make me love thy righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
Let me in thy dear arms be blest,
And find in thee the promis'd rest!

HYMN CLVII. C. M.

Rejoice with trembling n hope of heaven.

1 I WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And baſely cleav d to earth ;
I wanted wiſdom to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God hath ſpoke from heav'n above,
And bleſt a guilty worm ;
Hath giv'n the wings of joy and love
To ſeek an Angel's form.

3 With theſe to Piſgah's top I fly,
And there delighted ſtand ;
I hear the promiſe from on high,
And view the glorious land.

4 Bleſt Lord of all the vaſt domain,
This promiſe is to me ;
The length, the breadth, and all the plain,
And more than faith can ſee.

5 Though comforting this gracious pledge,
To thee for help I call,
For ſtill I ſtand on Piſgah's edge :
O ſave me leſt I fall !

6 Though much exalted by the Lord,
My ſtrength is not my own ;
O let me tremble at his word,
Then none ſhall caſt me down.

HYMN CLVIII. Eights and Sevens.

Truſting in the grace of Chriſt.

1 'TIS the Lord thus far hath brought me,
By his watchful tender care ;
Sure 'tis he himſelf hath taught me
How to ſeek his face by pray'r ;

After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

2 True I've been a guilty creature,
And have sinn'd against his grace;
But forgiveness is his nature,
Though he justly hides his face:
Ere he call'd me, well he knew
What a heart like mine would do.

3 In the Saviour's intercession
Therefore still I will confide;
Lord accept my free confession:
Though I've sinn'd, yet thou hast dy'd
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

HYMN CLIX. C. M.

A prayer for the restoration of the divine presence.

1 BLEST Saviour, by thy pow'rful word,
Once night was turn'd to day;
And thy salvation joy restor'd,
Which I had sin'd away.

2 'Twas then I wonder'd and ador'd,
To see thy grace divine;
I felt thy love, I prais'd the Lord,
Who made such blessings mine.

3 Wilt thou not still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
May I not still approach thy throne,
And Abba father cry?

4 Lord speak a gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

HYMN CLX. L. M.

The burdened ſoul praying for relief.

1 WITH kind compaſſion hear my cry,
O Jeſus, Lord of life on high!
And on thy ſervant's drooping head,
The dews of bleſſing ſweetly ſhed.

2 Change all my ſad complaints to eaſe,
To cheerful notes of endleſs praiſe;
A ſenſe of pard'ning favor give,
And raiſe my mind and bid me live.

3 My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endleſs hell beneath,
My ſenſe of ſorrow for my ſin,
To ſpringing comfort change within.

4 Be not to me a judge ſevere,
For ſo thy preſence who can bear?
But oh, regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye.

5 Then grant, O Lord, that I may burn
To make my Saviour ſome return,
And be my heart inſpir'd to riſe,
On wings of love to yonder ſkies.

6 Lead me with joy to bear my croſs,
Deſpiſing ev'ry grief and loſs,
Since thou, deſpiſing ſhame and pain,
Stretch'd on the bloody croſs waſt ſlain.

HYMN CLXI. L. M.

Prayer of a Penitent. Pſa. vi. *Paraphraſed.*

1 O THAT the Lord would hear my cry,
And ſtay his anger leſt I die!
Thy wrath is juſt—yet, Oh, forgive!
And let a mourning ſinner live

2 Shouldſt thou my body cruſh to duſt,
I ſtill muſt ſay that God is juſt;
But yet I hope thy grace to ſhare,
That mercy will the ſinner ſpare.

3 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the ſad effects of ſin;
How long, my God, muſt I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?

4 Oh ſhould I die depriv'd of thee?
What being elſe can ſuccour me?
Thy frowns would rend my ſoul in death,
And ſink it to the depth beneath.

5 Ye darling ſins that plague me ſo,
The greateſt enemies I know,
Depart—for GOD hath heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long deſpair.

6 No; I ſhall yet his goodneſs bleſs;
And when this tranſient life ſhall paſs,
Then full of glory, I ſhall prove
He can be juſt, and ſinners love.

HYMN CLXII. Tens.

The Backſlider's Return.

1 O THOU, my GOD, who from thy throne ſupreme,
Art mindful of the penitential tear,
Kindly diſperſing, with thy mercy's beam,
The gath'ring clouds of darkneſs and deſpair;
Lord, lend thine ear! O hear a ſinner's cry!
And ſave a wretch thy law condemns to die!

2 Long has thy goſpel ſounded in mine ears,
And once I tho't I made thy ways my choice;
But now, alas! o'erwhelm'd with gloomy fears,
I ſcarce can hear my heav'nly ſhepherd's voice

Oh ſhine again! revive my drooping heart!
Subdue my foes, and bid my fears depart!

3 Entangled with the world's deluſive charms,
Mine enemies againſt my ſoul prevail;
Prevail to thruſt me, wretched, from thine arms,
Whilſt guilt and unbelief my hope aſſail.
O GOD, my GOD, diſplay thy guardian care,
Nor let me fall a victim to deſpair!

4 Does not thy promiſe bid me reſt ſecure?
And can I truſt thy faithfulneſs in vain?
Shall not thy truth from age to age endure?
And wilt thou not thy people's cauſe maintain?
Then ſhine again, my fainting ſoul reſtore,
And hold me with thy hand to fall no more!

HYMN CLXIII. Eights and Sixes.

Healing from a view of the Croſs.

1 WITH fiery ſerpents greatly pain'd,
When Iſrael's mourning tribes complain'd,
And ſigh'd to be reliev'd;
A ſerpent ſtrait the prophet made,
Of molten braſs, to view diſplay'd:
The patient look'd and liv'd.

2 But O what healing to the heart,
Doth Jeſu's greater croſs impart
To thoſe that ſeek a cure?
Iſrael of old, and we no leſs
The ſame indulgent grace confeſs,
While life and breath endure.

3 To reaſon's view this ſtrange effect,
Self righteous ſouls will ſtill reject,
And periſh in their pride,
But thoſe who're ſtung with ſin and law
Do all their rich ſalvation draw
From Jeſu's bleeding ſide.

4 May we then view the matchleſs croſs,
All other objects count but loſs;
No other gain deſire:
Here ſtill be fix'd our feaſted eyes,
Weeping with tears of glad ſurpriſe;
And thankfully admire.

5 Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy name!
Thy praiſe the ranſom'd will proclaim;
Thee we Phyſician call:
We own no other cure but thine,
Thou, the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN CLXIV. C. M.

Chriſtian Reſignation? or, God our portion.

1 MY times of ſorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choiceſt comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou ſhould'ſt take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were poſſeſs'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But ſeek enduring happineſs
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its ſtore?
'Tis a deceitful cheat;
When I attempt to pluck the roſe,
A piercing thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliſs can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
Midſt changing ſcenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

HYMN CLXV. C. M.

Submiſſion and hope in divine goodneſs.

1 O LORD, my beſt deſires fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;
Who never haſt a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

5 Wiſdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I reſiſt them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And cruſh'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward ſpirit cries,
Still bind me to thy ſway;
Elſe the next cloud that veils my ſkies,
Will drive theſe thoughts away.

HYMN CLXVI. C. M.

Chriſtian Self-denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

1 AND muſt I part with all I have,
My deareſt Lord, for thee?
It is but right, ſince thou haſt done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN CLXVII. C. M.

Sincerity and truth. Phil. iv. 8.

1 LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the lamb,
Are men of honor still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear:
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise:
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' every false disguise.

4 From all deceit they swiftly fly,
What ever shape it wears,
They love the truth—and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down;

He bids his ſaints, his faithful friends,
Riſe and poſſeſs their crown.

6 While ſatan trembles at the ſight,
And devils wiſh to die,
Where will the faithleſs hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

HYMN CLXVIIII. L. M.

Tekel; *or the ſinner weighed in the balance, and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtleſs ſinner, raiſe thine eye;
Behold God's balance lifted high;
There ſhall his juſtice be diſplay'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one ſcale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldſt thou the awful teſt ſuſtain,
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the hand of God appears
To trace in dreadful characters;
"Sinner, thy ſoul is wanting found,
"And wrath ſhall ſmite thee to the ground."

4 Let ſudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
And horror change thy guilty face,
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguiſh roll,
Till deep repentance melt thy ſoul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail;
Chriſt hath a weight to turn the ſcale;
Still doth the goſpel publiſh peace,
And ſhow a Saviour's righteouſneſs.

6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to ſave;
Deep on the heart, theſe truths engrave;
The ponderous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may ſing thy love.

HYMN CLXIX. C. M.

A ſinner lamenting the delay of divine grace.

1 LONG have I walk'd this dreary road,
Beſet with darkneſs round;
Nor ſeen nor heard a ſmiling God,
Nor one bright moment found.

2 Others, who once did join my ſpeech,
And mourn'd in painful lay,
Now mounting up with rapture, ſtretch
To ſeize a heav'nly day.

3 Far left behind to feel my woe,
With harden'd heart to groan,
Each pray'r, each ſtruggle ſinks me low,
Each breath repeats my moan.

4 The lengthen'd day, the gloomy night,
Draw faſt the bands of grief;
Sometimes deſpair o'erclouds my ſight,
And ſays, there's no relief.

5 Then conſcience thunders, Sinai flames,
I try again to riſe;
The trial fails, and conſcience blames
My pray'rs, my tears, my cries.

6 If hope perchance a moment gleams,
And ſays, Chriſt's blood was ſpilt;
My heart of ſin beclouds the beams,
And ſeals my death and guilt.

7 'Tis thus perplex'd, forlorn, and loſt,
I ſpend my weary days;
No Jeſus comes, my hopes are croſt,
While others ſing and praiſe.

HYMN CLXX. L. M.

God's answer to a sinner complaining of grace delayed.

1 SINNER, behold I've heard thy groan,
I know thy heart, thy life I've known;
I've seen thy hope from grace proclaim'd,
Thy trembling fear when Sinai flam'd.

2 To me, the mighty God, attend,
In me behold the sinner's friend;
'Twas I who gave thy conscience voice,
Thou hast oppos'd by sinful choice.

3 Think not to bribe my sov'reign grace,
Nor move me by a sorrowing face;
'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,
And hides a pard'ning, glorious day.

4 Mov'd by thy fear, and not by love,
Thy daily pray'rs are sent above;
Thou hast not wish'd my will to meet,
Nor lain submissive at my feet.

5 The holy terms of gospel grace,
Have hid my glory from thy face;
To hearts and wills like thine oppos'd
The door of peace is ever clos'd.

6 Should thy proud will at length submit,
With holy sorrow deeply smit,
Thy voice would be the first to say,
I'm glorious in this long delay.

7 Stay, sinner, cease my grace to chide,
Nor think thy moans such sin can hide,
Delay no more, repent and live,
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

HYMN CLXXI. C. M.

Longing for Heaven.

1 SURE 'tis in vain to ſeek for bliſs,
For bliſs can ne'er be found,
'Till we arrive where Jeſus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

2 There's nothing round the ſpreading ſkies,
Or on this earthy clod;
Nothing, my ſoul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace:
And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to ſee his face.

4 Why move my years in ſlow delay?
And why this fear to die?
Death's but a guide that leads my way,
To a ſuperior ſky.

5 Dear Sov'reign, break theſe vital ſtrings,
That bind me to my clay;
Help me to riſe and ſtretch my wings,
And mount and ſoar away.

HYMN CLXXII. L. M.

A Chriſtian paſſing through death to glory.

1 'TIS Jeſus calls my ſoul away,
I hear his voice, and I obey;
For ſure his wondrous power to ſave,
Strangely perfumes the waſting grave.

2 My weakneſs, wearineſs and pain,
My glorious leader can ſuſtain,
To heal the wounds of ſin and death
He bids me look to him by faith.

3 Faith like an anchor, through the vail,
Secures a hold that cannot fail;
There, through a Saviour's cleanſing blood,
Beholds a reconciled God.

4 This tottering frame I feel give way,
My ſight decays, I loſe the day;
But ſure I feel a power divine,
And heav'nly glories round me ſhine.

5 In love triumphing now I ſing,
Death and the grave have loſt their ſting,
Adieu, corruption, ſin and pain,
With Jeſus now I live and reign.

6 O the bright glories of the place,
What radiant ſmiles from Jeſu's face!
Too bright for mortal heart to bear
'Tis heaven itſelf I ſee and hear.

7 Strangely inſpir'd, I find my tongue
Can ſpeak my feelings in my ſong,
And all the heav'nly armies join,
To ſing Meſſiah all divine.

HYMN CLXXIII. C. M. In four parts.

Death and Heaven.

PART I.

The ſpirit's farewell to the body after long ſickneſs.

1 HOW am I held a pris'ner now,
Far from my God! this mortal chain
Binds me to ſorrow: all below
Is ſhort liv'd eaſe, or tireſome pain.

2 When ſhall that wond'rous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor vail ſhall hide my God

3 Farewell this fleſh, theſe ears, theſe eyes,
Theſe ſnares and fetters of the mind,
My God! nor let this frame ariſe,
Till ev'ry duſt be well refin'd.

4 Bleſt Jeſus! make my nature whole,
Mould me a body like thy own,
Then ſhall it better ſerve my ſoul,
In works of praiſe and worlds unknown.

PART II.

The departing moment, or, abſent from the body.

5 ABSENT from fleſh! O bliſsful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the miſchief ſin hath wrought,
From pains and tears and all their ſprings.

6 Abſent from fleſh! illuſtrious day!
Surpriſing ſcene! triumphant ſtroke!
That rends the priſon of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

7 Abſent from fleſh! then riſe, my ſoul!
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
Meaſuring the cares and joys of time.

8 I go where God and glory ſhine;
His preſence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I reſign,
For Jeſus waits and points the way.

PART III.

Entrance into Paradiſe, or preſent with the Lord.

9 AND is this heav'n? and am I there?
How ſhort the road, how ſwift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jeſus is here—my ſoul's delight.

10 Is this the heav'nly friend who hung
In blood and anguiſh on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David ſung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

11 Lo! he preſents me at the throne
All ſpotleſs; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful through the Son:
Awake my voice in heav'nly ſtrains.

12 How fair, thou bleſt, eternal word!
Full Godhead ſhines through all thy face!
Thy death procur'd this bleſt abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place!

PART IV.

The ſight of God in Heaven.

13 Creator God, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous pow'r,
Ocean of wonders, bliſsful ſight,
Beauty and love unknown before!

14 Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
In yon dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpſes from thy throne,
And feeble whiſpers taught thy name.

15 I'm in a world where all is new;
Myſelf, my God; O bleſt amaze!
Not my beſt hopes or wiſhes knew
To form a ſhadow of this grace.

16 Fix'd on my God my heart adore,
My reſtleſs thoughts forbear to rove,
Ye meaner paſſions fir no more,
Let all my pow'rs be joy and love.

HYMN CLXXIV. C. M.

Spiritual mindedneſs; or inward religion. James i. 27.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
  Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
  Its ſov'reign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
  Or ought the world beſtows;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
  Can give us ſuch repoſe.

3 Religion ſhould our thoughts engage,
  Amidſt our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
  And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
  Be my redeemer's throne;
And be my ſtubborn will ſubdu'd,
  His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
  Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my converſation prove
  My heart to be ſincere.

HYMN CLXXV. C. M.

Encouragement to truſt and love God. Pſalm XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
  In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
  My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boaſt,
  Till all who are diſtreſt,
From my example comfort take,
  And charm their griefs to reſt.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come make his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN CLXXVI. L. M.

Trust and confidence; or, *looking beyond present appearances*. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more take place;
Tho' Jesus doth not yet appear,
But hides the brightness of his face:

2 Still I will never let him go,
Nor basely to the tempter yield;
His strength will lead triumphing thro'
I never will give up the field.

3 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil;

4 The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

HYMN CLXXVII. L. M.

Despair prevented by trust in God.

1 LORD who shall drive my trembling soul
From trust in thee to dark despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

2 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
O may I seek, nor seek in vain!

3 I own my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

4 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

5 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Eights and Sixes.

Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid, John vi. 20.

1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, alas, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,
Ungratefully delay'd:

At length his voice more powerful came,
" 'Tis I" he cry'd " I'm ſtill the ſame,
" Thou need'ſt not be afraid."

3 My heart was chang'd—in that ſame hour
My ſoul confeſs'd his mighty pow'r,
I ſhed a grateful tear;
Then liſten'd ſtill to hear his voice,
Again he ſaid, " in me rejoice,
" 'Tis I, thou need'ſt not fear."

4 " Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd,
" Freely I love," he ſoon reply'd,
" On me thy faith be ſtaid;
" On me for every thing depend,
" I'm Jeſus ſtill, the ſinner's friend.
" Thou need'ſt not be afraid."

HYMN CLXXIX. L. M.

Love to Jeſus.

1 THEE will I love my Lord, my tow'r,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
Of mind, and ſtrength, and thee alone.

2 Thee will I love, and bleſs thy throne
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Thy ſmiles, thy ſceptre, or thy rod.

HYMN CLXXX. L. M.

Call to ſinners praiſing eternal love.

1 TO love divine, the' eternal ſong,
Shout around Jehovah's throne,
Attend ye ſav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
And make the riſing notes your own.

2 'Tis yours to ſing th' eternal date
Of love divine and how it moves
To helpleſs man; with triumph great.
Sing loud, for God the ſong approves.

3 Hail Bethl'em! Hail the ruddy morn,
Whoſe rays adorn the infant God!
Meſſiah, of a virgin born,
A God! a man to die in blood.

4 For us, ſalvation wide diſplays
Her amb'ent and refreſhing wing;
Thy love, dear Saviour, we will praiſe,
And all its peerleſs glories ſing.

5 We'll ſing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood that cries for peace;
Heav'n echoes back as pleas'd, in thee
To ſhew its glories and its grace.

6 We'll ſing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from ſin;
Who cannot taſte the love that heals,
Or ſweets of conſcience, thus made clean.

7 Thy love, O Jeſus, is the theme,
The ſong of ſaints ſhall ever tell;
And through eternity proclaim
Thy vict'ry over ſin and hell.

HYMN CLXXXI. C. M.

Longing for nearneſs to God.

1 O COULD I find from day to day,
A nearneſs to my God;
Then ſhould my hours glide ſweet away,
And lean upon his word.

2 Lord I deſire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;

In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Trough boundless grace I then shall spend,
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of that friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 His worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

HYMN CLXXXII. L. M.

The struggle between faith and unbelief. Mark ix. 24.

1 JESUS, believing we rejoice,
And triumph in thy pard'ning voice,
But when our unbelief prevails,
Our hope departs, our comfort fails.

2 Thy promise does our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
When unbelief o'erclouds our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While we lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious pow'r hath wrought,

4 Do thou the dying ſpark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As ſhades diſpers'd by op'ning light.

HYMN CLXXXIII. C. M.

Chriſt the head of the Church. Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, we ſing thy matchleſs grace,
That calls baſe worms thy own;
Gives them among thy ſaints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When moſt he ſeems alive.

3 Thy ſaints on earth, and thoſe above,
All join in ſweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou, their common Lord.

4 O may our faith each hour receive
The ſpirit from above,
Thus death and hell ſhall ne'er deceive,
Nor break the bond of love.

5 Thou the whole body wilt preſent
Before thy Father's face;
Nor ſhall a wrinkle, or a ſpot,
Its beauteous form diſgrace.

HYMN CLXXXIV. L. M.

Retirement and meditation. Pſalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chaſe theſe ſhadowy forms no more;
Seek out ſome ſolitude to mourn,
And thy forſaken God implore.

2 Wiſdom and pleaſure dwell at home;
Retir'd and ſilent ſeek them there:
This is the way to overcome,
The way to break the tempter's ſnare.

3 And thou, my God, whoſe piercing eye
Diſtinct ſurveys each deep receſs,
In theſe abſtracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy preſence fill the place.

4 Through the receſſes of my heart
My ſearch let heav'nly wiſdom guide,
And ſtill its radiant beams impart,
Till all be ſearch'd and purified.

5 Then, with the viſits of thy love,
Vouchſafe my inmoſt ſoul to chear;
Till ev'ry grace ſhall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN CLXXXV. C. M.

Submiſſion under bereaving providences. Pſ. xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blaſts our joys in death;
Changes the viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis He, the potentate ſupreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whoſe ſteady counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their purpoſe move.

3 'Tis He, whoſe juſtice might demand
Our ſouls a ſacrifice;
Yet ſcatters with unwearied hand
A thouſand rich ſupplies.

4 Our cov'nant-God our Father he
In Chriſt our bleeding Lord;
Whoſe grace can heal the burſting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name;
We kiſs thy ſcourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To thy ſupreme command.

HYMN CLXXXVI. C. M.

Belſhazzar, *or the ſinner trembling.* Dan. v. 5—6.

1 POOR ſinners! little do they think
With whom they have to do!
They ſtand ſecurely on the brink
Of everlaſting woe.

2 Chaldea's king profanely bold,
The Lord of hoſts defy'd;
But vengeance ſoon his boaſts control'd,
And humbled all his pride.

3 He ſaw a hand upon the wall,
(And trembled on his throne)
Which wrote his ſudden, dreadful fall
In characters unknown.

4 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep diſtreſs!
His eyes with anguiſh roll;
His looks and looſen'd joints expreſs
The terrors of his ſoul.

5 His pomp and muſic, gueſts and wine,
No more delight afford;
O ſinner, e'er this caſe be thine,
Begin to ſeek the Lord.

6 The law like this hand writing ſtands,
And ſpeaks the wrath of God,
But Jeſus anſwers its demands
And cancels it with blood.

HYMN CLXXXVII. L. M.

Parable of the wheat and tares. Matt. xiii. 37—42.

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares, in anger, up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew!

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith,
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
Some, for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsel to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Eights and Sevens.

Blind Bartimeus. Mark x. 47, 48.

1 "MERCY; O thou son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
Others by the word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder ſtill;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and aſk me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live;
But he aſk'd, and Jeſus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give.

4 "Lord remove this grievous blindneſs,
Let my eyes behold the day."
Straight he ſaw, and won by kindneſs,
Follow'd Jeſus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praiſing,
Publiſhing to all around;
"Friends is not my caſe amazing?
What a Saviour I have found.

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be adviſ'd by me!
Surely, would they haſten to him,
He would cauſe them all to ſee.

7 Now I freely leave my garment,
Follow Jeſus in the way,
He will guide me by his counſel,
Bring me to eternal day."

HYMN CLXXXIX. L. M.

Our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghoſt. 1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

1 AND will the offended God again
Return and dwell with ſinful men?
Will he within this boſom raiſe
A living temple to his praiſe?

2 The joyful news tranſports my breaſt,
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly gueſt!
Liſt up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the king of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heav'nly train,
Here live, and here forever reign:
Thy ſceptre o'er my paſſions ſway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reaſon and conſcience ſhall ſubmit,
And pay their homage at thy feet:
To thee I'll conſecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

HYMN CXC. Sevens and Sixes.

The pilgrim's ſong.

1 RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2 Rivérs to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe:
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource:
So a ſoul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coaſt explore;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy ſnares,
Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home:
Strangers tarry but a night,
When the laſt dear morn is come,
They'll riſe to joyful light.

4 Ceaſe ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
There we'll join the heav'nly train,
Welcom'd to partake the bliſs,
Fly from ſorrow and from pain,
To realms of endleſs peace.

HYMN CXCI. L. M.

The Chriſtian warfare.

1 JESUS my king proclaims the war,
"Awake! the powers of hell are near!
"Arm with my grace!" I hear him cry,
'Tis yours to conquer, or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating ſound,
I caſt my eager eyes around;
Make haſte to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my ſhield,
The word of God, the ſword I wield:
With ſacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inſpires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Reſolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jeſus kindly deigns to ſpread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I truſt;
His bleeding croſs is all my boaſt:
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

HYMN. CXCII. Sevens.

Flying to Chriſt under Temptation.

1 JESUS, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life be paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I helpleſs hang on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Leſt I baſely ſhrink and flee;
Thou art all my truſt and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
Boundleſs love in thee I find:
Raiſe the fallen, chear the faint,
Heal the ſick and lead the blind.
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs,
Vile and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin;
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Reign O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN CXCIII. L. M.

Hypocrites, or the blasted fig-tree. Mark xi. 20.

1 ONE awful word which Jesus spoke,
Against the tree which bore no fruit,
More dreadful than the light'ning's stroke,
Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

2 How many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives,
May with this wither'd tree compare?
They yeld no fruit, but only leaves.

3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.

4 Without such fruit as God expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

5 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r,
On each of us thy spirit send;
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

HYMN CXCIV. L. M.

Christians endangered by the cares of the world. Luke x. 38—42.

1 BLESS'D Martha love and joy express'd,
To entertain her heav'nly guest;
While Mary, ravish'd with her Lord,
Sat at his feet, and heard his word.

2 True love divine, in both the same,
Led each to glorify his name;
Each met her Lord with joyful heart,
"But Mary chose the better part."

3 While one prepar'd her earthly bread,
The other waited to be fed;
One toil'd with care to ſpread a feaſt,
The other lean'd on Jeſu's breaſt.

4 Both met the favor of their Lord,
His grace for each prepar'd a word;
While Mary drank full draughts of love,
Grace, careful Martha, did reprove.

5 Thus Chriſtians with the world are vex'd,
Oft are encumber'd and perplex'd;
Vain trifles ſo engroſs their thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

6 Teach us, dear Lord, that part to chooſe,
Which through thy grace we ne'er ſhall loſe;
Then could we call the world our own,
We'd leave it all to ſee thy throne.

HYMN CXCV. C. M.

The rich worldling condemned. Luke xii. 16—21.

1 "MY barns are full, my ſtores increaſe,
And now for many years,
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine eaſe,
Secure from wants and fears."

2 Thus while a worldling boaſted once,
As many now preſume;
He heard the Lord himſelf pronounce,
His ſudden, awful doom.

3 "This night vain fool, thy ſoul muſt paſs
Into a world unknown;
And who ſhall then the ſtores poſſeſs,
Which thou haſt call'd thine own!"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly ſcheme
For happineſs below;

Till death deſtroys the pleaſing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can ſpeak the vaſt diſmay
That fills the ſinner's mind,
When torn, by death's ſtrong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Worldlings, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of ſtings,
And hell a dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour, make us timely wiſe,
Thy goſpel to attend;
That we may live above the ſkies,
When time and life ſhall end.

HYMN CXCVI. S. M.

Importunate Prayer. Luke xviii. 1—7.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry ſaint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief ſuggeſt,
Why ſhould we longer wait?
He bids us never give him reſt,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jeſus the Lord will hear
His choſen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their ſide;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
They will not be deny'd.

6 Then let us earneſt cry,
And never faint in pray'r,
He ſees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cauſe his care.

HYMN CXCVII. L. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wiſhes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw;
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining pray'r we ceaſe to fight;
Pray'r makes the Chriſtian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent,
To heav'n in ſupplication ſent,
Your cheerful ſong would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN CXCVIII. S. M.

Waiting at the Pool. John v. 2—4.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 When will the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

3 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

4 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

5 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry,
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

6 No! he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN CXCIX. C. M.

Eternal Life in Christ. John vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me faſt,
My faith will fail, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 'Tis thou alone haſt pow'r and grace,
To ſave a wretch like me;
To whom ſhall I then turn my face,
If I depart from thee.

4 Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my caſe;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bleſt,
And ſatisfy my heart.

HYMN CC. Eights and Sixes.

Power of Divine Love. Acts ix. 6.

1 IF GOD had bid his thunders roll,
And lightnings flaſh, to blaſt my ſoul,
I ſtill had ſtubborn been:
But mercy has my heart ſubdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my ſin.

2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come take poſſeſſion of thine own,
For thou haſt ſet me free;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my pow'rs in waiting ſtand,
To be employ'd by thee.

3 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

4 And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread?
Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
Invincible indeed!

HYMN. CCI. C. M.

Joy in the holy ghost.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my saviour and my God,
I hear thy joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.

3 Down from on high the blessed dove,
Is come into my breast;
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 This makes me abba father cry,
With confidence of soul;
It makes me cry my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

And from the lamb, a living ſtream,
Clear as the chryſtal ſtone.

6 The ſtream doth water Paradiſe,
It makes the angels ſing,
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do ſpring.

7 Such joys as are unſpeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldings do not know.

8 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, haſt laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.

9 I ſee thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taſte thy ſweeteſt love;
My ſoul doth leap: but Oh! for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!

10 Then ſhould I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of ſin;
Then ſhould my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then ſhould my ſoul with angels feaſt
On joys that always laſt:
Bleſs'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taſte.

HYMN CCII. C. M.

Rejoicing in a revival of religion.

1 HARK! hear the ſound, on earth 'tis found,
My ſoul delights to hear
Of dying love, that's from above,
Of pardon bought moſt dear.

2 God's miniſters, a flaming fire,
Are paſſing through the land,
Their voice is, "hear, repent and fear,
King Jeſus is at hand."

3 Young converts ſing and praiſe their king,
And bleſs God's holy name;
Whilſt older ſaints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

4 Convinc'd of ſin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord,
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they ſcorn'd his word.

5 God's chariot rolls, it frights the ſouls
Of thoſe who hate the truth;
And ſaints in pray'r, cry, Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth!

6 Pour down a ſhow'r of thy great pow'r,
On ev'ry aching heart;
On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.

7 Come ſinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord!
Saints, raiſe your ſongs—with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

HYMN CCIII. L. M.

An awakened ſinner lamenting his paſt ſecurity.

1 ALAS, alas how blind I've been,
How little of myſelf I've ſeen!
Sportive I ſail'd the ſenſual tide,
Thoughtleſs of God whom I defy'd.

2 I heard of heav'n, I heard of hell,
Where bliſs and woe eternal dwell;

But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And ſcorn'd the place where angels ſhine.

3 My angry heart refus'd the blood
Of a deſcending, ſuffering God;
And guilty paſſion boldly broke
The holy law which heav'n had ſpoke.

4 Th' alluring world control'd my choice,
When conſcience ſpoke, I huſh'd its voice,
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapleſs millions firſt had trod.

5 Now the almighty God comes near,
And makes me ſhake with awful fear;
His terrors all my ſtrength exhauſt,
My fear grows high, my peace is loſt.

6 With keen remorſe I feel my wound,
And ſeem to hear the dreadful ſound,
"Depart from me, thou wretch undone,
Go reap thy ſin, and feel my frown."

7 Thus ends my mirthful thoughtleſs life,
Fill'd up with folly, guilt and ſtrife;
Perhaps I ſink to endleſs pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

HYMN CCIV. C. M.

The ſucceſsful reſolve. I will go in unto the king.
Eſther iv. 16.

1 COME, humble ſinner, in whoſe breaſt,
A thouſand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppreſt,
And make this laſt reſolve.

2 "I'll go to Jeſus, though my ſin
"Hath like a mountain roſe;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppoſe.

3 " Proſtrate I'll lie before his throne,
" And there my guilt confeſs,
" I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
" Without his ſov'reign grace.

4 " I'll to the gracious king approach,
" Whoſe ſceptre pardon gives,
" Perhaps he may command my touch,
" And then the ſuppliant lives.

5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
" Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
" But if I periſh I will pray,
" And periſh only there.

6 " I can but periſh if I go,
" I am reſolv'd to try:
" For if I ſtay away, I know
" I muſt forever die."

HYMN CCV. Eights and Sixes.

The returning penitent.

1 When with my mind devoutly preſs'd,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breaſt
Would paſt offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue with blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe feet to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree.
Who would believe ſuch lips could praiſe,
Or think from dark and winding ways,
I e'er ſhould turn to thee?

3 Theſe eyes that once abus'd the light,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry ſight,
And weep a ſilent flood;

These hands are rais'd in ceaseless pray'r,
Oh wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood.

4 These ears that once could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
Around the festive board;
Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And long to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part,
Go on, bless'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
That drossy thing refine;
That grace may nature's pow'rs control,
And a new creature, body, soul,
Be all and wholly thine!

HYMN CCVI. Elevens.

And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. Numbers xxi. 4.

1 HOW many and great are the foes which infest
The way thro' this world to the Canaan of rest!
The traveller ever his Lord would obey,
Yet oft is discourag'd because of the way.

2 Though Satan, the world, and corruptions combine,
And try to prevent the poor Pilgrim's design;
They cannot destroy, though they often betray,
And make him discourag'd because of the way.

3 When good he would do, imperfections abound,
His graces are weak, and temptations surround;
For many turn back, and would lead him astray,
Which makes him discourag'd because of the way.

4 Yet why ſhould the Chriſtian of Canaan deſpair,
Perplex'd or alarm'd with diſhonoring fear?
Let him but his map and his leader obey,
Nor more be diſcourag'd becauſe of the way.

5 In Chriſt inexhauſtible treaſures are ſtor'd,
And Jeſus will ſuitable bleſſings afford;
Then why ſhould the Pilgrim be fill'd with diſmay?
Or why be diſcourag'd becauſe of the way?

6 Unquenchable love and omnipotent pow'r,
Will land him ere long on the heav'nly ſhore;
There pleaſure eternal will amply repay
For all the diſcouragements found in the way.

HYMN CCVII. Elevens.

Exceeding great and precious promiſes, 2 Pet. i. 4.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye ſaints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he ſay than to you he hath ſaid,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2 In ev'ry condition, in ſickneſs, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the ſea,
'As thy days may demand, ſhall thy ſtrength
'ever be.

3 'Fear not I am with thee, O be not diſmay'd,
'For I am thy God, and will ſtill give thee aid;
'I'll ſtrengthen thee, help thee, and cauſe thee to
'ſtand,
'Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 'When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
'The rivers of ſorrow ſhall not overflow;
'For I will be with thee thy troubles to bleſs,
'And ſanctify to thee, thy deepeſt diſtreſs.

5 'When thro' fiery trials thy pathway ſhall lie,
'My grace all-ſufficient ſhall be thy ſupply;
'The flame ſhall not hurt thee, I only deſign
'Thy droſs to conſume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'Even down to old age, all my people ſhall prove
'My ſov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
'And then, when grey hairs ſhall their temples
'adorn,
'Like lambs they ſhall ſtill in my boſom be borne.

7 'The ſoul that on Jeſus hath lean'd for repoſe,
'I will not, I will not deſert to his foes;
'That ſoul, tho' all hell ſhould endeavor to ſhake,
'I'll never—no never—no never forſake.'

HYMN CCVIII. C. M.

The requeſt.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliſs,
Thy ſov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free:
"The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the ſweet hope that I am thine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy preſence through my journey ſhine,
"And crown my journey's end."

HYMN CCIX. C. M.

Watchfulneſs and prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers riſe!
What ſnares beſet my way!
To Heav'n O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak reſiſtance, ah, how vain!
How ſtrong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and ſtrive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increaſe my faith, increaſe my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting ſpirit up,
Or ſoon my ſtrength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aſide,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
Nor ceaſe to be my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never ſtray
From happineſs and thee.

HYMN CCX. L. M.

Prayer anſwered by croſſes.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd pray'r;
But it has been in ſuch a way,
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favor'd hour,
At once he'd anſwer my requeſt;

And by his love's conſtraining pow'r,
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd
Blaſted my grounds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this,' I trembling cry'd,
'Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the Lord reply'd,
I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 'Theſe inward trials I employ,
From ſelf, and pride, to ſet thee free;
And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me.'

HYMN CCXI. C. M.

Secret prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkeſt night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart diſcerning ſight.

2 There may thy piercing eye ſurvey
My ſolemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's ſhade.

3 O let thy own celeſtial fire
The incenſe ſtill inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aſpire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So ſhall the viſits of thy love
My ſoul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy ſuppliant to confeſs.

HYMN CCXII. L. M.

Family prayer. Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our families with peace,
From thee they ſpring, and, by thy hand
They were and ſtill ſhall be ſuſtain'd.

2 To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell.

3 To thee may each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows;
Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN CCXIII. L. M.

The Chriſtian's nobleſt reſolution. Joſ. xxiv. 15.

1 O wretched ſouls, who ſtrive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and ſlaves to ſin!
A nobler toil may I ſuſtain,
A nobler ſatisfaction win.

2 May I reſolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to ſerve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whoſe ſervice is a rich reward.

3 O be his ſervice all my joy,
Around let my example ſhine,
Till others love the bleſs'd employ,
And join in labors ſo divine.

4 Be this the purpoſe of my ſoul,
My ſolemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his ſupreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his ſacred ways;
Great God, accept my ſoul's deſire,
And give me ſtrength to live thy praiſe.

HYMN CCXIV. Eights.

Prayer for aſſurance.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, my ſoul inſpire,
Bear witneſs that I'm born again;
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let a doubt or cloud remain;
Give me the ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n,
Sweet fore-taſte of approaching heav'n.

2 O give th' indiſputable ſeal,
That aſcertains the kingdom mine:
True holineſs I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine:
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fulneſs of love, of heav'n, of God!

HYMN CCXV. L. M.

Sufficiency of divine grace. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 OPPRESS'D with unbelief and ſin,
Fightings without, and fears within;
While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
Diſturb'd and terrify'd my mind:

2 Thus ſorely preſt, I ſought the Lord,
To give me ſome ſweet cheering word;
Again I ſought, and yet again,
I waited long, but not in vain.

3 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly ſuited to my need;
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakneſs my great pow'r diſplays."

4 Now I deſpond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before;
Though weak, I'm ſtrong; tho' troubled, bleſt;
For Chriſt's own pow'r ſhall on me reſt.

HYMN CCXVI. C. M.

Contentment. Philip. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE paſſions diſcompoſe the mind,
As tempeſts vex the ſea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reaſon and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's ſchool,
Can learn the heavn'ly ſkill.

3 Since at his feet my ſoul has ſat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my preſent ſtate,
I caſt on him my care.

4 'Tis he appoints my daily lot,
And will do all things well;
Soon ſhall I leave this wretched ſpot,
And riſe with him to dwell.

5 In life his grace ſhall ſtrength ſupply,
Proportion'd to my day;

In death I ſtill ſhall find him nigh,
To bear my ſoul away.

6 Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repinings ſpent;
Taught in my Saviour's ſchool of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

HYMN CCXVII. L. M.

Contentment and patience from the example of Chriſt.
Heb. xii. 2.

1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That paſs for wiſdom in the ſchools,
I ſtrove my paſſion to reſtrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But ſince the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
I keep my Lord by faith in view,
Which ſtrength ſupplies and motives too.

3 I ſee him lead a ſuff'ring life,
Patient amidſt reproach and ſtrife;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear and ſuffer for his ſake.

4 Upon the croſs I ſee him bleed,
And by the ſight from guilt am freed;
This ſight deſtroys the life of ſin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jeſus as he roſe,
Confirms my faith, diſarms my foes;
Satan I ſhame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I ſee him make my cauſe his own;
Then all my anxious cares ſubſide,
For Jeſus lives, and will provide.

HYMN CCXVIII. C. M.

Benefit of afflictions. Heb. xii. 5—11.

1 BREAK thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and ſhine,
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine,
Theſe gracious words apply.

2 "Let not my children ſlight the ſtroke,
I for chaſtiſement ſend;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am ſtill their friend.

3 "The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile and not reprove;
But all the children I receive,
I ſcourge becauſe I love.

4 "I ſee your hearts at preſent fill'd
With grief and deep diſtreſs;
But ſoon theſe bitter ſeeds ſhall yield
The fruits of righteouſneſs."

HYMN CCXIX. L. M.

Perſeverance rewarded. Rev. iii. 7—13.

1 THUS ſaith the holy One, and true,
To his beloved faithful few;
"Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To ſhut, or open, as I pleaſe.

2 "I know thy works, and I approve,
Though ſmall thy ſtrength, ſincere thy love;
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none ſhall rob thee of thy crown.

3 "Before thee ſee my mercy's door
Stands open wide to ſhut no more;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy ſtrength and ſtay.

4 "Thou haſt my promiſe, hold it faſt,
The trying hour will ſoon be paſt;
Rejoice, for lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inſcrib'd with all my names of love;
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou ſhalt forever have a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord!
Let him that hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit ſaith.

HYMN CCXX. S. M.

Perſevering grace. Jude, ver. 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerve us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

HYMN CCXXI. L. M.

The old and new Creation.

1 THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vaſt creation raiſe!
Angels attendant on their Lord;
Admir'd the plan, and ſung his praiſe.

2 From what a dark and ſhapeleſs maſs,
All nature ſprang at his command!
"Let there be light, and light there was,"
And ſun, and ſtars, and ſea, and land.

3 Thus the new forming of the ſoul,
Does all the pow'r of God diſplay,
As when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkneſs into day.

4 Though ſelf-deſtroy'd, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canſt do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

HYMN CCXXII. L. M.

The happy change.

1 IN ſin by blinded paſſions led,
In ſearch of fancy's good we range;
The paths of diſappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.

2 But when the Holy Ghoſt imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
Our wand'ring, weary, reſtleſs hearts,
Are then renew'd no more to rove.

3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will,
This love, another name for grace,
Conſtrains to good, and bars from ill.

4 By love's pure light we ſoon perceive
Our nobleſt bliſs and proper end;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and ſerve our Lord and friend.

HYMN CCXXIII. C. M.

The Lord's call to his elect. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that ſeeks
To draw our hearts above!
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour ſpeaks,
And every word is love.

2 So holy, juſt and pure his throne,
Each angel veils his face,
A people ſtill he calls his own,
Amongſt our ſinful race.

3 Careleſs, awhile, they live in ſin,
Enſlav'd to Satan's pow'r;
But they obey the call divine,
In his appointed hour.

4 "Come forth, he ſays, no more purſue,
The path that leads to death;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be ſav'd by faith.

5 "My ſons and daughters you ſhall be,
Through the atoning blood;
And you ſhall claim, and find in me,
A Father and a God."

6 Lord, ſpeak theſe words to ev'ry heart,
By thine all-pow'rful voice;
That we may now from ſin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

7 If now we learn to ſeek thy face,
By Chriſt the living way;
We'll praiſe thee for this hour of grace,
Through an eternal day.

HYMN CCXXIV. C. M.

Waiting at wiſdom's gate. Prov. viii. 34, 35.

1 MY heart has been too long enſnar'd,
In folly's hurtful ways;
Oh, may I be at length prepar'd,
To hear what wiſdom ſays!

2 'Tis Jeſus from the mercy-ſeat,
Invites me to his reſt;
He calls poor ſinners to his feet,
To make them truly bleſt.

3 Approach, my ſoul, to wiſdom's gates,
Approach without delay:
No one who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me ſeek in vain,
For all who truſt his word
Shall everlaſting life obtain,
And favor from the Lord.

5 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone;
Oh let thy Spirit's ſeal of faith,
Secure me for thine own.

HYMN CCXXV. L. M.

The majeſty and perfections of GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight,

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His juſtice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heav'n is ſecur'd if God be mine.

HYMN CCXXVI. C. M.

Faith in Chriſt for pardon and ſanctification.

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

2 But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from the ſacred word,
Ho, ye deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

3 My ſoul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promiſe, Lord,
Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me waſh my ſpotted ſoul
From crimes of deepeſt dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
My reigning ſins ſubdue:

Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
With all his helliſh crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpleſs worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
My Jeſus and my all.

HYMN CCXXVII. C. M.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive ſouls
From everlaſting pains.

[5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His curſed projects tries;
We, that were doom'd his endleſs ſlaves,
Are rais'd above the ſkies.]

[6 Oh for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.]

7 Yes, we will praiſe thee, deareſt Lord,
Our ſouls are all on flame;
Hoſanna round the ſpacious earth,
To thine adored name!

8 Angels aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all our harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CCXXVIII. C. M.

The reſurrection and aſcenſion of Chriſt.

1 HOSANNAS to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honor in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

[5 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emmanuel's praiſe.]

HYMN CCXXIX. L. M.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.
Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known,
My hopes and fears alternate riſe,
And comforts mingle with my ſighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderneſs I roam,
Far diſtant from my bliſsful home;
Lord, let thy preſence be my ſtay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And ſins and ſnares my peace deſtroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an abſent God I mourn.

4 My ſoul with various tempeſts toſs'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects croſs'd,
Sees ev'ry day new ſtraits attend,
And wonders where the ſcene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are theſe the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderneſs below?

6 'Tis even ſo, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove:
'Tis thus our pride and ſelf muſt fall,
That Jeſus may be all in all.

HYMN CCXXX. L. M.

The juſtice and goodneſs of God.

1 GREAT God, my maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll ſpeak, of thee I'll ſing;
All thou haſt done, and all thou doſt,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee juſt:

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promiſes,
The joys of Heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taſte, what devils feel.

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and ſmiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world reſtor'd:

4 While theſe excite my fear and joy;
While theſe my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble ſong,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN CCXXXI. Eights and Sevens.

Chriſt the beſt of Friends.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deſerves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Coſtly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindneſs prove,
Find it everlaſting love!

2 Which of all our friends to ſave us,
Could or would have ſhed his blood?
But this Saviour dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
It was boundleſs love to bleed.
Jeſus is a friend indeed.

3 When he liv'd on earth abaſed,
Friend of ſinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiſed,
He rejoices in the ſame:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to ſoften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
When to heav'n our ſouls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN CCXXXII. L. M.

Invitation to free ſalvatinn. Iſaiah lv. i.

1 HO! ev'ry one that thirſts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

3 See, from the rock, a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, thirſting ſouls.

4 Ye nothing in exchange can give;
Leave all you have, and are behind:
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

HYMN CCXXXIII. L. M.

Man by nature Grace and Glory.

1 LORD, what is man? Extremes how wide
In his myſterious nature join!
The fleſh, to worms and duſt ally'd,
The ſoul immortal and divine!

2 Divine at firſt, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till ſtain'd by ſin, it ſoon became
The ſeat of darkenſs, ſtrife, and death.

3 But Jeſus, Oh! amazing grace!
Aſſum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and ſuffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Near to which throne, and high in ſong,
Men ſhall their hallelujahs raiſe;
While wond'ring angels join the throng,
And ſwell the chorus of his praiſe.

HYMN CCXXXIV. S. M.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 PREPARE a thankful ſong
To the Redeemer's name!
Let his high praiſe employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart enflame!

2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endur'd:
That ſinners of the blackeſt die
From wrath might be ſecur'd.

3 Stretch'd on the croſs he dy'd,
Our debt of ſin to pay,
The blood and water from his ſide
Waſh guilt and filth away.

4 Pleading for us he ſtands
Before the father's throne;
And anſwers all the Law's demands,
With what himſelf hath done.

5 The Holy Ghoſt he ſends,
Our ſtubborn ſouls to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

6 Aſſur'd that Chriſt our King,
Will put our foes to flight;
We, on the field of battle, ſing,
And triumph, while we fight.

HYMN CCXXXV. L. M.

—The new Convert humbled.—

1 THE new-born child of goſpel-grace,
Like ſome fair tree when ſummer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's ſhining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fear he feels, he ſees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The ſtrength and peace his ſoul enjoys.

3 But ſin ſoon darts its cruel ſting,
And comforts ſink from day to day:
What ſeem'd his own, a ſelf-fed ſpring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous hoſt,
The Lord ſoon made his numbers leſs;
And ſaid, leſt Iſrael vainly boaſt,
"My arm procur'd me this ſucceſs."

5 Thus will he bring our ſpirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That ſav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praiſe we owe.

HYMN CCXXXVI. C. M.

—True and falſe comforts.—

1 O GOD, whoſe favorable eye
The ſin-ſick ſoul revives;
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
Thy ſhining preſence gives.

2 This hypocrites have ne'er believ'd,
They judge with graceleſs hearts;
Swell'd with their pride, they are deceiv'd,
By Satan's wily arts.

3 Unholy, ſelfiſh joys are theirs,
And while they boaſt their light,
And ſeem to ſoar above the ſtars,
They're plunging into night.

4 Lull'd in a ſoft and formal ſleep,
They ſin and yet rejoice,
Were they indeed the Saviour's ſheep,
They ſure would hear his voice?

5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The ſoul from Satan's pow'r;
That make me bluſh for what I am,
And hate my ſin the more.

6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

HYMN CCXXXVII. C. M.

True and falſe zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love ſupplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf in a diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its end is ſatisfy'd;
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it ought beſide.

5 But ſelf however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd,
"Come ſee what I can do."

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain,
When Jeſus ſhall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol ſelf dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhown,
But that which ſprings from love.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. L. M.

A living and a dead faith.

1 THE Lord receives his higheſt praiſe,
From humble minds and hearts ſincere;
While all the loud profeſſor ſays,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark his precepts holy light,
To wage the warfare watch and pray,
Shew who are pleaſing in his ſight.

3 Not words alone it coſt the Lord,
To purchaſe pardon for his own:
Nor will a ſoul, by grace reſtor'd,
Reſt in his forms and words alone.

4 Eaſy indeed it were to reach
A manſion in the courts above,
If watry floods and fluent ſpeech
Might ſerve, inſtead of faith and love.

5 But none ſhall gain the bliſsful place,
Or God's uncloudèd glory ſee;
Who talks of rich and ſov'reign grace,
Unleſs from ſin he is made free.

HYMN CCXXXIX. S. M.

Are there few that ſhall be ſaved? Luke xiii. 23.

1 DESTRUCTION's dangerous road
What multitudes purſue!
While that which leads the ſoul to God,
Is known or ſought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Thro' Chriſt the living gate;
But thoſe who hate this holy way
Complain it is too ſtrait.

3 If ſelf muſt be deny'd,
And ſin no more careſs'd,
They rather chooſe the way that's wide,
And ſtrive to think it beſt.

4 Encompaſs'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They ſay ſo many can't be wrong,
And miſs a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heavn'ly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their crys too late."

6 Obey the goſpel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Chriſt is always ſmall,
And none are ſafe but they.

7 Lord, open ſinners' eyes,
Their awful ſtate to ſee;
And make them, ere the ſtorm ariſe,
To thee for ſafety flee.

HYMN CCXL. L. M.

The power of the Goſpel proves its divinity.

1 LET anxious doubts be hear'd no more,
But Chriſt and joy be all our theme,
The Spirit ſeals his goſpel ſure
To ev'ry ſoul that truſts his name.

2 Jeſus, thy witneſs ſpeaks within,
The mercy, which thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from ſenſe and ſin,
And ſtamps its own celeſtial ſeal.

3 'Tis God's renewing, gracious hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;

Tranſgreſſors can no more withſtand,
But bow and own his doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch, that truſts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the croſs;
The foul, that was averſe to God,
Believes and loves his maker's laws.

5 Let proud oppoſers ceaſe their ſtrife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Muſt be almighty and divine.

HYMN CCXLI. C. M.

The hidden life of a Chriſtian.

1 O Happy ſoul that lives on high,
While men lie grovling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the ſky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conſcience knows no ſecret ſtings,
While grace and joy combine,
To form a life whoſe holy ſprings
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in ſecret on his God,
His God in ſecret ſees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleaſures riſe from things unſeen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raiſe his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live alone
Till Chriſt his life appear.

6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day:
Dear Lord, how ſlow thy chariot-wheels,
How long is thy delay!

HYMN CCXLII. S. M.

Forms vain without religion.

1 ALMIGHTY maker God!
How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

3 My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the worſhip due.

4 Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip's vain;
This wretched heart will ne er be true,
Until tis form d again.

5 Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my ſoul, aſcend
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

HYMN CCXLIII. S. M.

He beheld the city and wept over it. Luke xix. 41.

1 DID Chriſt o'er ſinners weep?
And ſhall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burſt forth from every eye.

2 The ſon of God in tears,
Angels with wonder ſee!
Be thou aſtoniſh'd, O my ſoul,
He ſhed thoſe tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each ſin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no ſin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

4 Joy beams in ev'ry eye,
And fills each holy heart;
All join to ſound the triumph high
In praiſe to bear their part.

HYMN CCXLIV. L. M.

Ezekiel's *Viſion of the dry bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin ſpreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And ſcatters ſlaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can theſe mould'ring corpſes live?
And can theſe periſh'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wond'rous work is all thy own.

3 Thy miniſters are ſent in vain
To propheſy upon the ſlain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy ſpirit deign to breath,
Life ſpreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful ſound
Shall ſhake the Heav'ns, and rend the ground,
Dead ſaints ſhall from their tombs ariſe,
And ſpring to life beyond the ſkies

HYMN CCXLV. L. M.

Thy kingdom come. Math. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty king,
And ſpread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm ſalvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy ſeat,
Let humble mourners ſeek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let ſaints and angels praiſe thy name,
Be thou thro heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN CCXLVI. L. M.

Acceptance through Chriſt alone. John xiv. 6.

1 HOW ſhall the ſons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th eternal mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the moſt coſtly ſacrifice,
Not infant blood profuſely ſpilt,
Will expiate a ſinner's guilt.

3 The blood of Jeſus Chriſt alone,
Hath ſov'reign virtue to atone;

Here we will reſt our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

4 'Tis through his merit we'll ariſe,
And learn to ſing above the ſkies;
We'll join the triumph round the throne,
And praiſe th' eternal Three in One.

HYMN CCXLVII. L. M. In three parts.

The Prodigal Son.

PART I.

The ſinner departing from God.

1 SEE the raſh youth, defil'd with ſin,
Hear how he claims with haughty voice,
To have his portion, and begin
In vice and madneſs to rejoice.

2 His father gave with bounteous hands,
Richly were all his wants ſupply'd;
Thankleſs he took; in foreign lands
Waſted in pleaſure, pomp and pride.

3 In luſt and wine he ſpent the whole,
Forgot his Father and his home;
Nor thought nor felt he had a ſoul
Expos'd to meet the wrath to come.

4 The giddy crowd that round him throng,
In every ſinful folly join;
Approve the mirth and chant the ſong
That caſts contempt on things divine.

5 Thus lur'd by charms of flattering vice,
The rebel ſees his ſubſtance fled;
His friends forſake, his wants ariſe,
For ſin has ſtruck his comforts dead.

PART II.

The ſinner under conviction.

6 With dying want the ſinner cries,
Nor thinks rebellion makes his pain;
To ſtrangers, far from home, applies,
Nor ſeeks his Father's grace to gain.

7 See the poor wretch with hunger preſt,
Sunk low with ſwine to have a ſhare;
Alas! how far from peaceful reſt,
Tortur'd by conſcience, guilt and fear.

8 'Tis thus the God of ſov'reign grace
Begins to bring a rebel home;
The ſpirit ſhews his wretched caſe,
And points a judgment ſtill to come.

9 Now ſelf-condemn'd to works he flies
And thinks to cleanſe a guilty mind,
Still far from penitence, which cries
To God for help, and feels reſign'd.

10 Blinded by ſin, to duty loſt,
He graſps the huſks and hates the bread;
Till all his expectations croſt,
His hopes from ſelf and means are fled.

PART III.

The Sinner brought to true repentance.

11 Now ſee the Rebel raiſe his eyes,
From dreaming ſoul juſt awake;
His ſoul relents with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And all his heart begins to break.

12 I ſtarve, he cries, nor can I bear
This death I feel in ſinful lands,
While ſervants of my Father ſhare
The liberal bounty of his hands.

13 With deep repentance on my tongue,
I'll go and ſeek my Father's face,
Unworthy to be call'd a ſon,
I'll only aſk a ſervant's place.

14 I'll tell him how I've griev'd his love,
And baſely fled his holy ſight,
How I've provok'd all heav'n above,
Nor thought or done a thing that's right.

15 Far off his Father ſaw him come,
And o'er him all his bowels yearn'd;
He roſe to bleſs and greet his ſon,
And crown with grace his ſafe return.

16 The Rebel's heart with ſorrow fill'd,
Bled for the crimes, which he had done:
Through all the Courts the triumph ſmil'd,
And ſang the Father's grace alone.

HYMN CCXLVIII. C. M.

Vanity of the world. Pſalm iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will ſupply our vaſt deſires,
"Or ſhew us any good?"

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wiſhes rove,
In chace of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft theſe ſhadowy joys elude
Their moſt intenſe purſuit;
Or if they ſeize the fancied good,
There's poiſon in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right:

Bid me aſpire to joys above,
And walk no more by ſight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my boſom ſhine:
Aſſur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

HYMN CCXLIX. C. M.

The whole world no compenſation for the loſs of one ſoul. Mark viii. 36.

1 LORD, ſhall we part with gold for droſs,
With ſolid good for ſhow?
Out live our bliſs, and mourn our loſs
In everlaſting woe?

2 Let us not loſe the living God,
For one ſhort dream of joy:
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heav'n away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious ſouls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

HYMN CCL. L. M.

The farewel.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To ſenſual bliſs that charms us ſo,
Be dark mine eyes, and deaf my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taſte
Of the fair fruit that ſinners prize;
Their paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

3 All earthly joys are over weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care:
And where's the ſweet that is not laid
A bait to ſome deſtructive ſnare?

4 Come, heav'n, and fill my vaſt deſires,
My ſoul purſues the ſov'reign good:
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

HYMN CCLI. C. M.

The future increaſe of the Church promiſed. Pſ. ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy promiſe pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life ſhall run?

2 "Aſk, and I give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the world's remoteſt ends
"Thine empire ſhall advance."

3 Haſt thou not ſaid the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his ſtandard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanſe of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption giv'n?

5 From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
Then be his name ador'd!
Let earth, with all its millions, ſhout
Hoſannas to the Lord!

HYMN CCLII. L. M.

Prayer for the Millenium.

1 HOW many years has man been driv'n
Far off from happineſs and heav'n ?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, reſtore
Thy wand'ring church, to roam no more ?

2 Six thouſand years are nearly paſt
Since Adam from thy ſight was caſt :
And ever ſince his fallen race,
From age to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd lamb ?
When ſhall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee !

4 Haſten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels and command ;
" Go ſound deliv'rance loudly blow,
" Salvation to the ſaints below ?

5 We want to have the day appear!
The promis'd great ſabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and ſin and hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs peace ſhall dwell.

6 'Till then, we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſtrong requeſt ;
And this our daily pray'r ſhall be,
Lord, ſound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN CCLIII. Eights.

Chriſtians praying for Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earneſt ſuit for Abra'm's ſeed ;
Juſtly they claim the ſofteſt prayer
From us, adopted in their ſtead :
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Chriſt by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under Heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past:
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
Receive thy ancient people home,
That quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God, the glory due.

HYMN CCLIV. L. M.

A prayer for the oppofers of experimental religion.

1 BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn
Of those who hate and mock our praise,
Pity their state and make them turn,
No more to walk in sinful ways.

2 Anxious we see their wretched state,
Who never think of heav'n or hell;
They laugh and sport and court the gate
Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

3 If pray'r and faith did e'er prevail,
Now help us, Lord, to raise our hands;
Prepare our hearts thy grace to hail,
Then break their soul-destroying bands.

4 Lead them to view a ſinful heart,
A ſoul all enmity to thee,
Deſtroy'd, defil d in every part,
Too proud to bow, to blind to ſee.

5 Lead them to view a holy law,
Which juſtly dooms to endleſs death,
To feel that guilt which Jeſus ſaw,
And pray'd forgive, with dying breath.

6 Open their eyes, unſtop their ears,
To hear condemning juſtice ſound;
Lord change their hearts, and then their tears
Will witneſs grief to all around.

7 Once we were blind, like them we ſtrove,
Till ſov'reign mercy chang'd our ways:
Lord bow their wills, and make them love,
Then they will join our ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN CCLV. L. M.

A Prayer for ſucceſs to Miſſions.

1 GREAT God of glory, ſhow thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace;
In heathen lands thy goſpel bleſs,
And here ſecure its large increaſe.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
Embrace ſalvation, Lord, by thee;
While thoſe who now in darkneſs dwell,
Deliv'rance ſing from guilt and hell.

3 Millions there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the goſpel's ſound;
O ſend it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the ſun.

4 O look on thoſe who ſtand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell:

Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite ;
Teach them to act as in thy ſight.

5 To thoſe who give do thou impart
A gen'rous, wiſe, and tender heart ;
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may ſhare.

6 Let many ſtand around thy throne,
From diff'rent climes, let many own
The banner of the croſs unfurl'd
Has ſav'd from hell a ruin'd world.

HYMN CCLVI. Eights and Sevens.

Declenſion lamented.

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flouriſh'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green :
Then thy word our ſpirits nouriſh'd,
Happy ſeaſons we have ſeen!

2 But a drought has ſince ſucceeded,
And a ſad decline we ſee ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are thoſe we counted leaders,
Fil'd with zeal, and love and truth?
Old profeſſors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!

4 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We ſhall meet no more below,
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a ſingle leaf they ſhow.

5 Younger plants—the ſight how pleaſant,
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood ;
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,
Froſts have nipp'd them in their bud!

6 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

HYMN CCLVII. L. M.

Hoping for a Revival.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r:
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN CCLVIII. C. M.

A Hymn for Christian Conference.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within theſe walls let holy praiſe,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conſcience eaſe,
The wounded ſpirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind beſtow;
And ſhine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith preſent our pray'rs;
And in the preſence of our Lord,
Unboſom all our cares.

6 And may the goſpel's joyful ſound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Induce dead ſinners all round,
To come and fill the place.

HYMN CCLIX. L. M.

A welcome to Chriſtian friends.

1 BRETHREN, belo'd for Jeſu's ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!

2 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love!

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praiſe,
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

4 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
His ſuff'ring and his dying love,

The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

HYMN CCLX. C. M.

The benefit of Goſpel privileges.

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm ſupports them well.

2 Wand'ring in ſin, our ſouls he found,
And bid us ſeek his face;
Gave us to hear the goſpel ſound,
And taſte the goſpel grace.

3 His preſence ſweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him diſpels their fears,
And breaks the gloom of night.

4 Lord we expect to ſuffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us ſtill, to find thee near,
And own us, ſtill, for thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
Theſe tokens of thy love:
Till thou ſhalt bid our ſpirits riſe,
To worſhip thee above.

HYMN CCLXI. L. M.

Rising to God.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time:
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'ns eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road!
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large:
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HYMN CCLXII. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

1 LO! the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict accounts that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and ſeas
Avoid the fury of his eyes,
And flee before his face.

4 How ſhall I bear that dreadful day,
And ſtand the fiery teſt!
I give all mortal joys away,
To be forever bleſt.

HYMN CCLXIII. C M.

The encouragement young perſons have to ſeek and love Chriſt. Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In ſmiling crouds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converſe with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendſhip to purſue.

3 "The ſoul that longs to ſee my face,
"Is ſure my love to gain;
"And thoſe that early ſeek my grace,
"ſhall never ſeek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my ſoul ſhould move,
If once compar d with thee?
What beauty ſhould command my love,
Like what in Chriſt I ſee?

5 Away, ye falſe deluſive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my laſting choice,
And here true bliſs I find.

HYMN CCLXIV. C. M.

Youth the moſt accepted time.

1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harveſt hours:
While ſummer laſts, through all her cells
The choiceſt ſtores ſhe pours.

2 While life remains, our harveſt laſts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Beſt is this ſeaſon for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

3 To-day attend, is wiſdom's voice,
To-morrow, folly cries:
And ſtill to-morrow 'tis, when, Oh!
To-day the ſinner dies.

4 When conſcience ſpeaks, its voice regard,
And ſeize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

HYMN CCLXV. L. M.

A lovely youth falling ſhort of heaven. Mark x. 21.

1 MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeleſs to ſalvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn
The man whom Jeſus deigns to love?

2 The man who ſought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due;
A modeſt, ſober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing new?

3 But mark the change: thus ſpake the Lord,
"Come part with earth for heav'n to-day,"
The youth, aſtoniſh'd at the word,
In ſilent ſadneſs went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boaſted ſo,
This teſt unable to endure,
Let Chriſt, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money ſure!

5 Ah fooliſh choice of treaſures here!
Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
Muſt this baſe world be bought ſo dear?
And life and heav'n ſo cheaply ſold!

6 In vain the charms of nature ſhine,
If this vile paſſion governs me;
Transform my ſoul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN CCLXVI. S. M.

Prayer of Youth for Divine cleanſing.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn whilſt I am young,
How I may cleanſe my way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to chooſe the way of truth,
And fly from every ſnare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyſelf alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O let thy word of grace
My warmeſt thoughts employ;
Be this through all my following days,
My treaſure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole ſoul inclin'd;

O let them dwell within my heart,
And ſanctify my mind.

6 May thy young ſervant learn,
By theſe to cleanſe his way;
And may I here the path diſcern
That leads to endleſs day.

HYMN CCLXVII. C. M.

Old Age approaching, or, man frail and mortal.

1 ETERNAL God! enthron'd on high!
Whom angel-hoſts adore;
Who yet to ſuppliant duſt art nigh,
Thy preſence I implore.

2 O guide me down the ſteep of age,
And keep my paſſions cool;
Teach me to ſcan the ſacred page,
And practiſe every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human muſt decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to ſtay?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue ſhield my heart?

5 Ah! no—then ſmooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While duſt to duſt deſcends.

6 Then ſhall my ſoul, O gracious God!
(While angels join the lay)
Admitted to the bleſs'd abode,
Its endleſs anthems pay.

7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchleſs love proclaim,
And join the choir of ſaints that ſound
Their great Redeemer's name.

HYMN CCLXVIII. L. M.

The aged Chriſtian rejoicing in a view of Heaven.

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of ſome o'er-looking hill,
His heart revives, when croſs the plains
He eyes his home, tho' diſtant ſtill.

2 While he ſurveys the much-lov'd ſpot,
He ſlights the ſpace that lies between;
His paſt fatigues are now forgot,
Becauſe his journey's end is ſeen.

3 Thus when the Chriſtian pilgrim views
By faith, his manſion in the ſkies,
The ſight his fainting ſtrength renews,
And wings his ſpeed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his ſpirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles paſt;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may ſafe arrive at laſt.

5 'Tis there, he ſays, I am to dwell
With Jeſus, in the realms of day;
Then I ſhall bid my cares farewel,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jeſus, on thee my hope depends,
To lead me on to thine abode:
Aſſur'd that heav'n will make amends
For all my toil while on the road.

HYMN CCLXIX. L. M.

Desiring Heaven.

1 NO more I ask or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

2 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There, glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

3 Cleave to the world ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust:
But God shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

HYMN CCLXX. Eights and Sevens.

Praise for redeeming Love.

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame.

2 Let us love the Lord, who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.

3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'rors crown.

4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store;
When we trust in Christ our fortress,
Justice smiles, and asks no more.

5 Let us praiſe, and join the chorus
Of the ſaints, enthron'd on high;
Here they truſted him before us,
Now their praiſes fill the ſky.

6 Hark! the name of Jeſus, ſounded
Loud, from golden harps above!
Lord, we bluſh, and are confounded,
Faint our praiſes, cold our love!

HYMN CCLXXI. C. M.

Preſumption and deſpair.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The ſerpent takes a thouſand forms
To cheat our ſouls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with ſlaviſh fear;
And holds us ſtill in wide extremes,
Preſumption or deſpair.

3 Now he perſuades "how eaſy 'tis
"To walk the road of heav'n;"
Anon he ſwells our ſins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 He bids young ſinners, "yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and true devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they muſt die,
"And 'tis too late to pray:
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have loſt their day."

6 Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit,

And drags the ſons of Adam down,
To darkneſs and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut ſhort his pow'r,
Let him in darkneſs dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CCLXXII. S. M.

Complaint of ſin.

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With ſuch a load of ſin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I ſee!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raiſe my ſoul on high,
My thoughts are hurry'd faſt away,
For ſin is ever nigh.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkneſs fills my mind,
I only read a ſealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy goſpel oft I hear,
But hear it ſtill in vain;
Without deſire, or love, or fear,
Harden'd I ſtill remain.

6 And muſt I then indeed
Sink in deſpair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didſt bleed
For ſuch a wretch as I.

7 That blood which thou haſt ſpilt,
That grace which is thine own;
Can cleanſe the vileſt ſinner's guilt,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone.

8 Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive!
Here will I lie and wait till thou
Shalt bid me riſe and live.

HYMN CCLXXIII. S. M.

Light ſhining in darkneſs.

1 MY former hopes are dead,
My terror now begins;
I feel alas! that I am dead
In treſpaſſes and ſins.

2 Ah whither ſhall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims deſtruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But ſure a friendly whiſper ſays,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I ſee, or think I ſee,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that ſhines for me,
To ſave me from deſpair.

5 Fore-runner of the ſun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the riſing day.

HYMN CCLXXIV. Tens.

The humble ſinner truſting in Chriſt.

1 CHEER up, my ſoul, there is a mercy ſeat,
Sprinkled with blood, where Jeſus anſwers pray'r;
There humbly caſt thyſelf beneath his feet,
For never needy ſinner periſh'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promiſe is my plea,
Without thy word I durſt not venture nigh;
But thou haſt call'd the burden'd ſoul to thee,
A weary burden'd ſoul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of ſin,
By Satan's fierce temptations ſorely preſt,
Beſet without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy ſide;
Unmov'd I then may all accuſers face,
And anſwer ev'ry charge, with "Jeſus dy'd."

5 Yes! thou didſt weep, and bleed, and groan and die!
Well haſt thou known what fierce temptation means,
Such was thy love! and now enthron'd on high,
The ſame compaſſion in thy boſom reigns.

6 Lord, give me faith—he hears! what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my ſoul, and ceaſe to grieve:
He ſhows me what he did, and who he is,
I muſt, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN CCLXXV. L. M.

Divine grace implored.

1 THE God who once to Iſrael ſpoke
From Sinai's top, in fire and ſmoke,
In gentler ſtrains of goſpel grace,
Invites us now to ſeek his face.

2 Hark! how from Calvary it ſounds;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds;
"Pardon and grace I freely give,
Poor ſinner, look to me and live."

3 What other arguments can move
The heart that ſlights a Saviour's love!
Yet till Almighty pow'r conſtrain,
This matchleſs love is preach'd in vain.

4 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cauſe each ſtony heart to melt!
Deeply impreſs upon our youth
The light and force of goſpel truth.

5 How will they elſe thy preſence bear,
When as a Judge thou ſhalt appear;
When ſlighted love to wrath ſhall turn
And the whole earth like Sinai burn!

HYMN CCLXXVI. Eights and Sixes.

The Lord's prayer imitated.

1 FATHER Supreme! all nature's God,
Diſplay thy majeſty abroad,
And in full glory ſhine:
To thy great name be honors paid,
Throughout all worlds which thou haſt made;
Let each the chorus join.

2 Here place thy throne, and at thy feet
Make all thy ſtubborn foes ſubmit,
And own thy ſov'reign ſway:

Thine influence far and wide extend,
Till haughty rebels lowly bend,
And cheerfully obey.

3 Oh let thy perfect will be done,
Not by thoſe heav'nly hoſts alone
Who're wing'd with love and zeal;
We too with love and zeal would riſe,
To catch the ardor of the ſkies,
And fly to do thy will.

4 O Thou who art both wiſe and good,
We truſt thee for our daily food,
And what thou ſeeſt is beſt;
Our fooliſh wiſhes, Lord, deny,
But kindly nature's wants ſupply;
To thee we leave the reſt.

5 Teach us the needy to relieve;
Our foes to pity and forgive,
And conquer them with love:
As we to others mercy ſhew,
Thy mercy, Lord, on us beſtow,
And all our guilt remove.

6 Let thy good ſpirit guard our hearts,
Againſt the tempter's guileful arts,
And ev'ry dang'rous ſnare:
Or if we once ſhould go aſtray,
Teach us again to find the way,
And walk with better care.

7 Thy name with rev'rence we adore,
For thine's the glory, thine the pow'r,
And thine the right to reign:
In thy dominion we rejoice;
To thy commands our heart and voice
Unite, and ſay—Amen.

HYMN CCLXXVII. L. M.

The Lord his people's ſhepherd. Pſalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon day ſteps he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend;
When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant.

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkips flow.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill.

5 Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade,
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray.

6 Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden green and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. L. M.

On being admitted a member of a church.

1 GREAT ſource of Being, heav'nly King!
Whoſe eye my inmoſt thought ſurveys,
To thee, with grateful joy, I bring
My tribute of unequal praiſe.

2 United to thy choſen flock,
Within thy courts my ſoul would dwell,
And in thy ſtrength ſuſtain the ſhock,
Of all the pow'rs in earth or hell.

3 O ſend thy ſpirit from on high,
And let our Church thy bleſſing prove!
So ſhall our praiſes reach the ſky,
And ev'ry boſom glow with love.

4 O may our Paſtor draw from thee
Daily ſupplies of heav'nly grace!
And may we in thy temple ſee
Thy glorious preſence fill the place!

5 Then ſhall our hearts, our lives, our tongues,
Be conſecrated to our God;
Our morning pray'rs our ev'ning ſongs,
Shall ſpread thy wond'rous love abroad.

HYMN CCLXXIX. L. M.

The Convert.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
Once mov'd in error's devious maze,
Nor found religious duties ſweet,
Nor ſought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'reſt voice thou bad'ſt me flee
The paths which thou couldſt ne'er approve;
And gently drew my ſoul to thee,
With cords of ſweet, eternal love.

3 Now to thy footſtool, Lord, I fly,
And low in ſelf-abaſement fall;
A vile, a helpleſs worm I lie,
And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart
Than all the joys that earth can give;

From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in fmiling friendfhip dreft,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclin'd on Jefu's breaft,
My lateft breath fhall blefs his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd foul fhall rife,
And foar above yon ftarry fpheres,
Join the full chorus of the fkies,
And fing thy praife through endlefs years.

HYMN CCLXXX. C. M.

Prayer for relief under a body of fin and death.

1 LORD what a croud of anxious cares,
Diftturb this reftlefs breaft!
The world's reproach and Satan's fnares,
Leave not a moment's reft.

2 The glorious fmiles which once I faw
O'er all thy face, are hid;
I feel the fentence of thy law,
And all my comfort's fled.

3 Haft thou not faid, that where thou art,
There thine fhall furely be?
O feal this promife on my heart,
And fay 'twas made for me.

4 Then cares may vex, the world may frown,
They ne'er my peace fhall move;
For what can weigh that fpirit down,
That feels a Saviour's love?

5 O for a taft, by faving faith,
Of his forgiving grace;
When nature draws its parting breath,
And all its cares fhall ceafe!

HYMN CCLXXXI. C. M.

Celeſtial proſpects.

1 SWEET glories ruſh upon my ſight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the ſkies?

2 All hail! ye fair celeſtial ſhores!
Ye lands of endleſs day!
Swift on my view your proſpect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearneſs now,
My clouds of doubt are gone,
Fled is my former darkneſs too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the paſſage—ſhort the ſpace
Between my home and me;
There! there behold the radiant place!
How near the manſions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundleſs things!
In thoſe dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to ſtretch my wings,
And in theſe glories ſhare.

HYMN CCLXXXII. C. M.

A covert from the heat.

1 WHEN on a ſummer's ſultry day,
The Sun darts forth his rays;
The trav'ler labors on his way,
Beneath the mid-day blaze:

2 When not a cooling breeze is felt,
No friendly roof is nigh,
The languid body ſeems to melt,
The fainting ſpirits die:

3 Should ſome tall rock at ſuch an hour,
A diſtant ſhade prepare,
Hope would exert his feeble pow'r,
To fly and reſt him there.

4 Thus he who treads the heav'nly path,
And feels upon him burn
The kindlings of Almighty wrath,
Muſt labor, droop and mourn.

5 Till Chriſt, the covert from the heat,
His longing ſpirit ſees,
And draws him to a cool retreat,
Affording reſt and eaſe.

6 He like a rock of refuge roſe,
And ſacred ſhade extends,
Refreſhment and ſecure repoſe,
For all his weary friends.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. Sevens.

Truſt in God. Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 SHOULD the riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blaſted ſhoot
Drop her green untimely fruit:

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall:

3 Should God's alter'd hand reſtrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blaſt each opening bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy:

4 Yet to God my ſoul ſhould raiſe
Grateful vows, and ſolemn praiſe;
And, when ev'ry bleſſings flown,
Love him—for himſelf alone.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. L. M.

The Chriſtian armor. Epheſ. vi. 13—17.

1 WITH holy zeal and Chriſtian grace,
I'll take the armor for the race,
Whilſt foes and fears beſet me round,
In Chriſt the Lord my ſtrength is found.

2 Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
His word he gives me for a ſword,
And he commands to wield it well,
Againſt the pow'rs of earth and hell.

3 His righteouſneſs a breaſtplate yields,
Whilſt faith affords a glorious ſhield,
His free ſalvation's ſov'reign grace,
Shall on my head the helmet place.

4 Thus arm'd and martial'd for the field,
Againſt temptation doubly ſteel'd,
The glorious combat I begin,
Declaring war with fleſh and ſin.

5 My heav'nly Captain's watchful care,
Shall keep me from the tempter's ſnare;
His ſpirit guide my wand'ring feet,
Till I his face in glory meet.

HYMN CCLXXXV. C. M. In two parts.

Chriſt's birth, life, death, reſurrection, aſcenſion, and interceſſion.

PART I.

Chriſt's birth and life.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, tune ev'ry ſtring,
In God thy Saviour's praiſe,
Join with the heav'nly hoſts and ſing
The higheſt notes they raiſe.

2 Tell how the glorious Son of God,
Forſook the realms of bliſs,
Deſcended to our guilty world,
Proclaiming life and peace.

3 Angelic hoſts declare his birth,
" Glory to God on high,
" Good will to men and peace on earth!
" Behold the Saviour nigh!

4 " To Bethl'em's city quick repair,"
Th' etherial ſpirits cry,
" And ſee the promis'd Saviour there,
" Low in a manger lie.

5 " With humble faith and holy fear
" Go viſit Chriſt your king."
Their heav'nly notes the ſhepherds hear,
And join the praiſe they ſing.

6 On Jordan's banks th' eternal God
His birth divine declares;
" This is my ſon!" Lo! on his head
The heav'nly dove appears.

7 Holy his life, his doctrines true;
(How bright the godhead ſhone!)
Diſeaſes heard and Satan knew,
That what he ſpake was done.

PART II.

Christ's death, resurrection, ascension and intercession.

8 BEHOLD the Saviour on the tree,
With arms extended wide!
From death a sinful world to free,
He groan'd, and bled, and dy'd!

9 The sun astonish'd veil'd its face,
When the Creator bled;
His groans the earth and rocks displace,
And wake the sleeping dead.

10 But when th' appointed hour was come,
The sleeping Saviour wakes;
Behold! he rises from the tomb,
And death a captive makes.

11 On the eternal God's right hand
The great Redeemer sits;
Both heav'n and earth to his command
The Father now commits.

12 Our advocate himself he stiles,
The sinner's cause he pleads,
Through him the Father looks and smiles,
While thus he intercedes.

13 Whom once he loves he'll ne'er forget,
His counsels guide them still;
His grace their weary souls will seat
On heav'ns eternal hill.

14 Reviving thought! then humble soul,
With courage venture on!
Though earth and hell against thee roll,
In Christ the battle's won.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. C. M.

Prayer under temptations of Satan.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3 Let all the tempter's malice come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
If I may ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
Nor feel a troubling tempter's call
Diſturb my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. L. M.

Prayer under temptation from the tumults of the world.

1 THE billows ſwell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcaſt my wintry ſky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my ſtrength is ſmall.

2 O Lord, a Saviour's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the ſtorm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, ſay, "peace, be ſtill."

3 Amidſt the roaring of the ſea,
My ſoul ſtill hangs her hope on thee;
Thy conſtant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that ſaves me from deſpair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry ſhape and name,
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful ſhore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. C. M.

Perplexity relieved.

1 ANXIOUS, I ſtrove to find the way
Which to ſalvation led;
I liſten'd long, I try'd to pray,
And heard what many ſaid.

2 When ſome of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was ſtupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joys nor ſong.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
And thought that all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguiſh and diſmay;
Thro' what diſtreſſes they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at eaſe;
I wiſh'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like theſe.

6 I had my wiſh, the Lord diſclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked ſoul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas! I cry'd in deep deſpair,
Borne down with fearful pain!
How can I theſe fierce terrors bear,
And who will now ſuſtain!

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he ſet me free,
"Truſt ſimply on my word," he ſaid,
"And leave the reſt to me."

HYMN CCLXXXIX. Sevens.

The ſovereign call of Chriſt.

1 IN his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour ſpoke;
Touch'd me by his ſpirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous ſlumber broke.

2 Then I ſaw and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd:
"Fear not, I my blood have ſpilt,
'Twas for ſuch as thee I dy'd."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once poſſeſs'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting ſuch a part?

4 "Thou haſt greatly ſinn'd, he ſaid,
But I freely all forgive;
I myſelf thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee riſe and live."

HYMN CCXC. C. M.

Old things are paſſed away.

1 LET carnal minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

2 Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have ſeen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?

6 Yes, though of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

HYMN CCXCI. L. M.

Hatred of ſin.

1 MOST holy Lord! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy leaſt commandment ſlight;
Yet pierc'd by ſin, the ſerpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguiſh of the bite.

2 But though the poiſon lurks within,
Hope bids me ſtill with patience wait;
Till death ſhall ſet me free from ſin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the reſt,
Where angels and archangels dwell;

One ſin, unſlain within my breaſt,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 But there no foe invades the bliſs,
When glory crowns the Chriſtian's head;
One view of Jeſus as he is,
Will ſtrike all ſin forever dead.

HYMN CCXCII. L. M.

Prayer for grace. Pſa. cvi. 4. 5.

1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With thoſe who love thy gracious name;
And to our ſouls that good afford,
Thy promiſe has prepar'd for them.

2 To us thy great ſalvation ſhow,
Give us a taſte of love divine;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN CCXCIII. Sevens.

Coming to the throne of grace.

1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water by that well ſupply'd,
Jeſus open'd when he dy'd.

3 Lord, there are no ſtreams but thine,
Can aſſuage a thirſt like mine;
'Tis a thirſt thyſelf didſt give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

HYMN CCXCIV. L. M.

A hymn for the beginning of worſhip.

1 THY preſence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

2 Diſtracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And ſatisfy'd with living bread.

3 To us thy ſacred word apply,
With ſov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy ſaving pow'r and love diſplay,
And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN CCXCV. L. M.

At diſmiſſion.

1 DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiſs forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Waſh all our works in Jeſu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN CCXCVI. Eights and Sevens.

The same.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness,

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

HYMN CCXCVII. C. M.

Seeking first the kingdom of God, &c. Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories dress.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and sun decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought;

I ſpring to ſeize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

5 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize purſue;
Nor ſhall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN CCXCVIII. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys,

1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.

2 Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black deſpair;
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong,
Your ſtreams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchleſs grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs,
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas
And bid me ſeek ſuperior bliſs.

4 Now to the ſhining realms above,
I ſtretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5 There from the boſom of my God,
Oceans of endleſs pleaſure roll:
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

HYMN CCXCIX. L. M.

The vanity of creatures.

1 MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs fires,
Toſs'd to and fro, his paſſions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some ſolid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleaſures, but we feel
The inward thirſt and torment ſtill.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We ſhift from ſide to ſide by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! ſubdue this vicious thirſt,
This love to vanity and duſt;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our ſouls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CCC. L. M.

The ſovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21. 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Chriſt rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his joys in words of praiſe;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns and ſeas.

2 I thank thy ſov'reign pow'r and love,
That crowns my doctrine with ſucceſs;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 But all this glory lies conceal'd
From men of prudence and of wit:
The prince of darkneſs blinds their eyes,
And their own pride reſiſts the light.

4 Father 'tis thus, becauſe thy will
Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo;
'Tis thy delight t' abaſe the proud,
And lay the haughty ſcorner low.

5 There's none can know the Father right,
But thoſe who learn it from the Son:
Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our ſouls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he pleaſe;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN CCCI. L. M.

Prayer for grace.

1 O THOU, to whoſe all-ſearching ſight
The darkneſs ſhineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart and let it be
Free'd from theſe bonds, and join'd to thee!

2 Waſh out its ſtains, refine its droſs,
Nail my affections to the croſs!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darkſome wild I ſtray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When riſing floods my ſoul o'erflow,
When ſinking deep in waves of woe,
Jeſus, thy timely aid impart,
And raiſe my head, and cheer my heart.

5 O let thy hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to thy holy hill!
When toil, and grief, and pain ſhall ceaſe,
Where all is calm, and all is peace.

HYMN CCCII. L. M.

The beatitudes. Matth. v. 2—12.

1 BLESS'D are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart:
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bleſs'd are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.

4 Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thriſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs!
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.

5 Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.

6 Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

7 Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;

They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bleſs'd are the ſuff'rers, who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſu's ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CCCIII. L. M. In three parts.

Characters of Chriſt borrowed from inanimate things in ſcripture.

PART I.

1 GO worſhip at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our ſouls would thus be fed:
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a roſe? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or, if the lily he aſſume,
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine!

PART II.

7 Is Christ the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.

11 Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12 Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

PART III.

13 Is Christ design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r:
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

17 O let me climb these higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CCCIV. L. M.

The names and titles of Christ, from several scriptures.

1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays,
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:

He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb refents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he aſſumes!
Light of the world, and life of men;
Nor bears thoſe characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part!
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne aſcends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And ſaints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CCCV. L. M. In two parts.

The offices of Chriſt from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Emmanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee,
What forms of love he bare to me.

3 The "Angel of the cov'nant ſtands"
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great ſalvation known.

4 Great Prophet, let me bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy ſide;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my Shepherd, he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul amongſt his ſheep:
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cauſe,
Anſw'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

PART II.

8 Jeſus, my great High Prieſt, has dy'd,
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword I ſing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful ſubject at thy feet.

11 Aſpire my ſoul to glorious deeds,
The Captain of ſalvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell, obſtruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for Chriſt diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign ways.

HYMN CCCVI. Sixes and Fours.

To the Trinity.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Antient of days!

2 Jeſus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'rs attend!
Come and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of holineſs
On us deſcend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great one in three
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence evermore;
His Sov'reign majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN CCCVII. C. M.

New Year's Hymn.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy preſence feel,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and ſhame.

3 From all the guilt of former ſin
May mercy ſet us free,
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy ſpirit from above
That ſaints may love thee more;
And ſinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worſhip thee,
And praiſe thee in our room.

HYMN CCCVIII. L. M.

Another.

1 O LORD, by thy ſupporting hand,
We enter on another year;
And now we meet at thy command,
To ſeek thy gracious preſence here.

2 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who young in years are old in ſin;
And by thy ſpirit and thy truth,
Shew them the ſtate their ſouls are in.

3 Then, by a Saviour's dying love
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their ſun, and ſtrength, and ſhield.

4 To mourners ſpeak a cheering word,
On ſeeking ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine;
Let poor backſliders be reſtor'd,
And all thy ſaints in praiſes join.

5 O hear our pray'r and give us hope,
That when thy voice ſhall call us home,
Thou ſtill wilt raiſe a people up,
To love and praiſe thee in our room.

HYMN CCCIX. C. M.

Pleading for and with youth.

1 SIN has undone our wretched race,
But J[illegible]
All who believe and truſt his grace,
And ſeek and ſerve the Lord.

2 This we repeat from year to year,
And preſs upon our youth,
Lord give them an attentive ear,
And ſave them by thy truth.

3 Come Lord, and bleſs the riſing race!
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richeſt grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.

4 Dear youth, we know your ſinful ſtate;
(May God your hearts renew!)
We would a while ourſelves forget;
To pour out pray'r for you.

5 We ſee, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, awful doom;
O tremble at the ſolemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

6 [Dear Saviour, let this new born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry, in ev'ry careleſs ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"]

HYMN CCCX. L. M.

Winter, or the divine preſence withdrawn.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand,
Has ſtripp'd the trees, and ſeal'd the ground!
But ſpring will ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around.

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns;
Barren and fruitleſs I remain:
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid the graces grow again?

3 Jeſus, my glorious Sun, ariſe!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! huſh theſe ſtorms and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Muſt it be winter all the year?

5 Be ſtill, my ſoul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all commanding word,
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain;
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

HYMN CCCXI. C. M.

Spring, or the return of the divine preſence.

1 AT length the wiſh'd for ſpring is come;
How alter'd is the ſcene!
The trees and ſhrubs are dreſt in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 I ſee my Saviour from on high,
Break through the clouds and ſhine!
No creature now more bleſt than I,
No ſong more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hope revive,
It overcomes my foes:
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And bloſſom like the roſe.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I ſtand,
Of what thy grace can do,
Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
Each changing ſeaſon through.

HYMN CCCXII. C. M.

Summer, or all fleſh like graſs. Iſaiah xl. 6—8.

1 THE graſs and flow'rs, which clothe the field,
And look ſo green and gay;
Touch'd by the ſcythe, defenceleſs yield,
And fall, and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal ſtate!
Thus in the ſcripture glaſs,
The young, the ſtrong, the wiſe, the great,
May ſee themſelves but graſs.

3 Ah! truſt not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own;
Around you ſee the ſcythe of death
Is mowing thouſands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are ſpar'd,
Muſt ſhortly yield your lives;
Your wiſdom is to be prepar'd,
Before the ſtroke arrives.

5 The graſs, when dead, revives no more:
You die to live again;
Beware leſt death ſhould prove the door
To everlaſting pain.

6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
And all our ſins remove,
That when like graſs our bodies fall,
Our ſouls may riſe above.

HYMN CCCXIII. L. M.

Autumn, or the harveſt is the end of the world.
Matthew xiii. 39.

1 SEE how brown autumn ſpreads the field;
Mark how the whit'ning hills are turn'd;
Behold them to the reapers yield,
The wheat is ſav'd, the tares are burn'd.

2 Thus the great Judge with glory crown'd,
Deſcends to reap the ripen'd earth;
Angelic guards attend him down,
The ſame who ſang his humble birth.

3 In ſounds of glory, hear him ſpeak;
"Go ſearch around the flaming world,

Haſte, call my ſaints, to riſe and take
The ſeats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 "Go burn the chaff in endleſs fire,
In flames unquench'd conſume each tare;
Sinners muſt feel my holy ire,
And ſink in guilt to deep deſpair."

5 Thus ends the harveſt of the earth,
Angels obey the awful voice:
They ſave the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heav'n approves the ſov'reign choice.

HYMN CCCXIV. L. M.

The ſeaſons, or, the year crowned with divine goodneſs.
Pſalm lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
We hail that goodneſs ever near,
Which richly crowns the circling year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady pole:
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3 The flow'ry ſpring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land:
The ſummer rays with vigor ſhine,
To raiſe the corn, and chear the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
Still be the chearful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning ſhade.

6 Here in thy houſe ſhall incenſe riſe,
As circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown purſue the Songs;
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN CCCXV. C. M.

A morning hymn.

1 'TWAS the eternal word that ſpake,
And ſaid, "Let there be light,"
It was, and at his high command,
Sprang from the womb of night.

2 He bids the day-ſpring know its place,
And guides the riſing ſun:
All nature owns her ſov'reign Lord,
And what he wills is done.

3 Should he forbid the ſun to riſe,
And endleſs darkneſs reign:
Juſtice would ſilence every mouth,
Nor let a thought complain.

4 Thus, had the Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Never aroſe and ſhone,
The frowning Heav'ns had flaſh'd with wrath,
For crimes, which we have done.

5 Then had ſalvation ne'er appear'd,
Nor angels ſung of peace;
The anthem never had begun,
Which now will never ceaſe.

6 But thanks to God, the nat'ral Sun,
Diffuſe light and heat convey,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs will ſhine
An everlaſting day.

HYMN CCCXVI. Sevens.

A hymn to be repeated when rising.

1 NOW the ſhades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may I be thine to-day,
Drive the ſhades of ſin away.

2 Fill my ſoul with heav'nly light,
Baniſh doubt and cleanſe my ſight;
In thy ſervice, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty paſſions bound,
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me ſafe from ev'ry ſin.

4 When my work of life is paſt,
Oh! receive me then at laſt!
Night of ſin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly ſhore.

HYMN CCCXVII. C. M.

A morning Hymn.

1 WITH thee, great God, the ſtores of light,
And ſtores of darkneſs lie;
Thou form'ſt the ſable veil of night,
And ſpread'ſt it round the ſky.

2 And when with welcome ſlumber preſs'd,
We cloſe our weary eyes,
Thy pow'r unſeen, ſecures our reſt,
And makes us joyful riſe.

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And loſt the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on reſtleſs beds ſtill lie,
And ſtill their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thouſand pleaſures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful ſongs,
Our morning thoughts ariſe:
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing ſacrifice.

HYMN CCCXVIII. L. M.

An evening hymn.

1 BLEST Lord, when darkneſs veils the ſkies,
Prevent the ſlumber of my eyes;
Till bow'd before the king of kings,
I aſk myſelf the following things.

2 Where have I been, what have I done?
To what new follies have I run?
Have I obſerv'd each riſing thought;
And done the things which God hath taught?

3 Do ſecret thoughts and actions prove
My love to God who reigns above?
Do my affections riſe on high,
As days and nights ſucceſſive fly?

4 Do I rejoice in that wiſe plan,
Which governs all th' affairs of man?
Gives life, and health, and joy, and reſt,
Or ſends affliction when 'tis beſt?

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
Does it alarm my heart with fear?
Or does it ſweetly rule within,
And make me hate and fly from ſin?

6 Lord, help me ſee and try my heart,
And ſearch me through in every part;
Cleanſe me from ſin and warm my love,
Thus fit me for the world above.

HYMN CCCXIX. C. M.

An evening hymn.

1 INDULGENT Father! by whoſe care,
I've paſs'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy ſhare,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my ſins, and how to moan
My guilt before thy face:
Direct me, Lord, to Chriſt alone,
And ſave me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conſcience, ſpeak thou peace,
Through his atoning blood:
And grant me, Lord, a full releaſe
From ſin's oppreſſive load.

4 Shew me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me, by faith, on thee to live,
Then change my faith to ſight.

5 Open to me thy gracious ear,
Great God my wants ſupply;
Confirm my hope, relieve my fear,
And bid my murm'rings die.

6 Guide me through life's myſterious path,
Nor let me from thee ſtray;
Preſerve my fleeting, mortal breath
Through each revolving day.

7 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My ſoul for joys above.

8 And when on earth I cloſe mine eyes,
To ſleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory riſe,
T' enjoy thy ſmiling face.

HYMN CCCXX. C. M.

A hymn to be repeated on going to reſt.

1 THE day is paſt and gone,
The evening ſhades appear,
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to reſt;
So death will ſoon remove me hence,
And leave my ſoul undreſt.

3 Lord keep me ſafe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I ſleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early riſe,
To view th' unwearied ſun,
May I ſet out to win the prize
And after glory run.

5 That when my days are paſt,
And I from time remove,
Lord I may in thy boſom reſt,
The boſom of thy love.

HYMN CCCXXI. L. M.

Aſking Chriſt's preſence on the Sabbath.

1 O FOR a heart to praiſe and pray,
To ſpend with Chriſt this ſacred day,
For wings of faith to ſoar above,
And claſp his feet in arms of love.

2 I'd hold him faſt, till he ſhould give,
A word of grace and bid me live.
I'd plead his blood for guilt and ſin,
Till he ſhould cleaſe from every ſtain.

3 On him, whoſe glories fill the ſkies,
I'd gaze and fix my wond'ring eyes,
Copy his beauties on my heart,
Till love transform in ev'ry part.

4 'Tis he can clothe my naked ſoul,
And by a word can make me whole;
Send peace and patience to the mind,
And give a heart to God reſign'd.

HYMN CCCXXII. As the 148th. Pſalm.

A Hymn for the Lord's day morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowſy ſouls,
Shake off each ſlothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our nobleſt ſongs demand.
Auſpicious morn! thy blifsful rays,
Bright ſeraphs hail in ſongs of praiſe,

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death reſign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd:
'Th' angelic hoſt around him bends
And 'midſt their ſhouts, the God aſcends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heav'n with hoſannas rings;
While earth, in humbler ſtrains,
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings:
Worthy art thou, who once waſt ſlain,
Thro' endleſs years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conquering car,
While juſtice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou thy foes ſhall tread,
And ſin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With ſalutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying ſouls for life ſhall ſue,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN CCCXXIII. C. M.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's day.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To ſhed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how ſlow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
My frailties, Lord forgive;
I would be like thy ſaints above,
And praiſe thee while I live.

3 Aſſiſt me while I wander here,
Amidſt a world of cares:
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.

4 Releaſe my ſoul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

5 Spare me, my God, O ſpare the ſoul,
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thy face to ſee.

6 Thy ſpirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my ways to ceaſeleſs joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

HYMN CCCXXIV. L. M.

The eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our longing ſouls aſpire,
With ardent pangs of ſtrong deſire.

2 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs;
Nor ſin nor hell ſhall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the ſongs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
Obſcures the luſtre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the loweſt ſeat;
We'll ſhout thy praiſe, and join the ſong
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

HYMN CCCXXV. C. M.

The covenant with Abraham and all believers the ſame.—A hymn for baptiſm.

1 WHEN God the Patriarch Abr'am call'd,
And choſe him for his own;
"Abr'am, he ſaid, behold thy God,
And own thyſelf my ſon.

2 "A gracious cov'nant now I make,
To give thee Canaan's reſt:
From thee ſhall come a glorious ſeed,
To make the nations bleſt.

3 "This promiſe is to thee reveal'd
To raiſe thy hope and love;
By faith behold thy future ſon
Deſcending from above.

4 "Hear my command, nor dare tranſgreſs,
But own my right divine:
'Tis circumciſion I ordain
To mark thy ſons as mine.

5 "By this make known and ſeal thy faith,
Thy children give to God;
And learn the meaning of the rite,
Which points to purer blood."

6 Lord! may we come with Abr'am's faith,
To thee our infants give;
Accept our babes, impart the grace
Which makes young ſinners live.

7 Thy cov'nant ever ſtands the ſame,
Seal'd by a rite that's new
Baptiz'd and mark'd, O Lord, as thine,
Now form their hearts anew.

HYMN CCCXXVI. C. M.

Little children preſented to Chriſt in Baptiſm.

1 HOW great our glorious Shepherd's love,
Diſplay'd in all its forms!
He feeds his flock, he guards his lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Forbid them not," he ſays, "to come
And taſte a Saviour's love;
They ſtand within my kingdom here,
And ſhall in heav'n above.

3 "In all my promiſes of good
Made to my church below,
I ne'er forgot, I ſtill include
Their infant offspring too."

4 Let us accept the offer'd grace,
And give our babes to God,
By faith apply the goſpel ſeal
Which points to Jeſu's blood.

5 Encourag'd by his word we come,
With humble hope inſpir'd;
That he will take them in his arms,
And give the grace requir'd.

HYMN CCCXXVII. L. M.

Circumciſion and baptiſm.

1 ONCE did the ſons of Abr'am paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diciples bore the yoke,
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their ſeed are ſprinkled with his blood,
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'am praiſe.

HYMN CCCXXVIII. C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief, amazing woe,
Behold my bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman ſword.

2 Oh, the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His ſacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuſe:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs head;
Break, break my heart, oh, burſt mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my ſtubborn ſoul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled woe.

HYMN CCCXXIX. L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the croſs of Chriſt.
Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And mourning weep o'er all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt my God,
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet;
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 His dying crimſon, like a robe,
Spreads o er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

HYMN CCCXXX. L. M.

Strength from a view of the Croſs.

1 WHEN I the bleſt Redeemer ſee
All bleeding on th' accurſed tree;
Satan and ſin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart,
In ev ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with ſtreaming eyes,
But ſee! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, ſinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his ſide, and venture near,
The ſpring of endleſs life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet ſtill my thirſt remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can ſatisfy the thirſt of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue ſhall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name diſpels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
Then I with love thy praiſe reſound.

HYMN CCCXXXI. As 50th Pſalm.

God's Love to the world in ſending Chriſt for its Redemption. John iii. 16.

1 SING to the Lord a new melodious ſong:
Aſſiſt the Choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
Wide as the world his ſov'reign mercy reigns;
Wide as the world reſound the rapt'rous ſtrains
Ye Angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And ſing the Love, that brings to men Salvation.

2 His gracious eye beheld in full ſurvey,
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:
No human aid the danger could avert;
No Angel's hand could ſoothe the raging ſmart:
In his own breaſt divine compaſſion riſes,
And the grand ſcheme the hoſt of Heav'n ſurpriſes.

3 God's only Son with heav'nly glories bright,
His Father's faireſt image and delight,
Juſtice and grace the victim have decreed,
To wear our fleſh, and in that fleſh to bleed:
Proſtrate in duſt, ye ſinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wond'rous work is done; the Cov'nant ſtood,
And Chriſt atones for human guilt with blood;
Nail'd to the tree he bows his ſacred head;
A mangled corpſe he ſojourn with the dead
Riſing, the Goſpel ſends thro' ev'ry nation;
Sinners believe, and gain compleat Salvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praiſe;
O let it run thro' everlaſting days!
And thou, bleſt Saviour, ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
Accept the ſouls dear-ranſom'd with thy blood.
And to thoſe ſongs, form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

HYMN CCCXXXII. Eights.

The reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 SEE the victorious Jeſus come,
Riſing triumphant from the tomb,
Th' Almighty conq'ror quits the pris'n;
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels,
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.

2 Ye guilty ſouls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;
God's righteous law is ſatisfy'd,
And juſtice now is on your ſide.
Juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice,
And juſtice now is on your ſide.

3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ranſom of his blood,
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy,
But mercy now triumphant reigns.

4 Believers, hail your riſing Head,
See Jeſus coming from the dead,
Your reſurrection's ſure, through his,
To endleſs life, and boundleſs bliſs.
Endleſs, endleſs, endleſs, endleſs,
To endleſs life, and boundleſs bliſs.

HYMN CCCXXXIII. L. M.

The Inſtitution of the Lord's ſupper. Matthew xxvi. 26—29.

1 'TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread:

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That ſymbol of his fleſh he broke,
And thus to all his followers ſpoke:

3 "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live:
And oft the ſacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view."

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindneſs in his boſom glow'd,
And from his lips ſalvation flow'd.

5 "My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanſe the ſoul in ſin that lies;
In this the covenant is ſeal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the ſacred draught,
Through lateſt ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour."

HYMN CCCXXXIV. L. M.

Chriſt dying, riſing, and reigning.

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!

2 Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!

4 The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

5 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led devouring death in chains!

6 Say, "live forever, wond'rous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then ſing, "O death where is thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

HYMN CCCXXXV. C. M.

An invitation to the goſpel feaſt. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore,
For every humble gueſt.

2 See, Jeſus ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room:

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;

Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In ecſtacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more,
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN CCCXXXVI. C. M.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 O FOR a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Maſter and my God,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim,
To ſpread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jeſus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe:
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning ſin,
He ſets the priſ'ner free;
His blood can make the fouleſt clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey, we then ſhall know,
Shall feel our ſins forgiv'n;
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

HYMN CCCXXXVII. L. M.

The ſpirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John, v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his boſom ſent his Son
To bring us ſtrangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name:
Jeſus, th' Ambaſſador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It coſt him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced ſide
Pour'd down a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Prieſt, atones;
On the cold ground his life was ſpilt
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my ſoul, to him
Whoſe death was thy deſert,

And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the curſed tree,
In dying pangs he lies:
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
We feel his witneſs good.

9 While the eternal Three
Their record bear above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And ſeal my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanſe my ſoul from ſin,
Nor let thy grace depart:
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witneſs to mine heart.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII. L. M.

Chriſt the firſt and the laſt, humbled to death, and exalted to an eternal triumph over it. Revelation i. 17, 18.

1 WHAT myſt'ries, Lord, in thee combine!
Jeſus, once mortal, yet divine;
The firſt, the laſt; the end, the head;
The ſource of life among the dead!

2 O love, beyond the ſtretch of thought!
What matchleſs wonders hath it wrought!
Faith trembles when ſhe ſees the load
Borne by the ſuff'ring ſon of God.

3 Hail, royal conqu'ror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave!

For ever live, for ever reign,
And profp'rous may thy throne remain!

4 Thy Saints, obedient to thy word,
With humble joy, furround thy board:
And, long as time purfues its race,
Proclaim thy death, and fhout thy grace.

5 In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody divine,
Thy death inſpires a ſong of praiſe,
New thro thy life's eternal days.

HYMN CCCXXXIX. S. M.

Chriſt's interceſſion.

1 OUR great Redeemer's gone
To plead before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If juſtice calls for ſinners blood,
The Saviour ſhows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble ſuit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor ſing,
Jeſus, the Prieſt, receives our ſongs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And ſound his glories high,
"Hoſanna to the God of grace,
"That lays his thunder by.

6 " On earth thy mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above : '
But, Lord, how weak are mortal ſtrains
To ſpeak immortal love.

HYMN CCCXL. C. M.

Godly ſorrow ariſing from the ſufferings of Chriſt.

1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I ?

2 Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer ſtood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CCCXLI. L. M.

The goodneſs of God acknowledged in giving paſtors after his own heart. Jerem. iii. 15.

At the Settlement of a Miniſter.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael, thou doſt keep
With conſtant care thy humble ſheep;
By thee inferior paſtors riſe
To feed our ſouls, and bleſs our eyes.

2 To all thy churches ſuch impart,
Model'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whoſe courage, watchfulneſs, and love,
Men may atteſt, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy ſheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's paſtures tread.

4 Here haſt thou liſten'd to our vows,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings on thy houſe;
Thy ſaints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As ſheep without a guide deplore.

5 Compleatly heal each former ſtroke,
And bleſs the ſhepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raiſe,
And own this tribute of our praiſe.

HYMN CCCXLII. C. M.

Watching for ſouls in the view of the great account. Heb. xiii. 17.

For the Ordination of a Miniſter.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their ſolemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cauſe of ſmall import
The paſtor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for ſouls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliſs forego;
For ſouls, which muſt forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haſte,
Th' account to render there;
And ſhould'ſt thou ſtrictly mark our faults,
Lord, how ſhould we appear?

5 May they that Jeſus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer ſee;
And watch thou daily o'er their ſouls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN CCCXLIII. L. M.

On opening a new place for worſhip.
Pſalm lxxxvii. 5.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth eſtabliſh his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praiſe,
And ſing that condeſcending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us ſinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bleſs,
Which guards our ſynagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worſhippers with dread.

4 Theſe walls we to thy honor raiſe ;
Long may they echo with thy praiſe ;
And Thou deſcending fill the place
With choiceſt tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train ;
While pow'r divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and chear his friends.

6 And in the great deciſive day,
When God the nations ſhall ſurvey,
May it before the world appear,
That crouds were born to glory here.

HYMN CCCXLIV. L. M.

A thankſgiving hymn.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the ſkies,
To thee let ſongs of gladneſs riſe,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And ev'ry voice thy goodneſs ſing.

2 'Twas thou that built this ſpacious earth,
Thou gav'ſt to ev'ry creature birth,
E'en man was faſhion'd by thy hand,
And angels glow'd at thy command.

3 From thee our choiceſt bleſſings flow,
Life, health, and ſtrength, thy hands beſtow,
The daily good thy creatures ſhare,
Springs from thy providential care.

4 The rich profuſion nature yields,
The harveſts waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreſhing ſhow'r,
Are gifts from thy exhauſtleſs ſtore.

5 At thy command the vernal bloom,
Revives the world from winter's gloom,

The ſummer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treaſures pours.

6 From thee proceed domeſtic ties,
Connubial bliſs, paternal joys;
On thy ſupport the nations ſtand,
Obedient to thy high command.

7 But how ſhall frail imperfect man,
Whoſe being reaches but a ſpan,
Attempt in earth-born ſtrains to prove,
The wonders of Redeeming love!

8 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to ſwell the grateful ſong,
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praiſe the Majeſty divine.

HYMN CCCXLV. L. M.

Thankſgiving for national deliverance, and improvement of it. Luke i. 74. 75.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, tho' deliv rance long delay,
Anſwers in his well-choſen day.

2 O may our tongues thy praiſe proclaim,
And ſpeak the glories of thy name;
Lord, help us all thy love to ſing,
And thankful tribute to thee bring.

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name:
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple ſhall become.

4 Still be it our ſupreme delight
To walk as in thy honor'd ſight:
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
To life's laſt hour to perſevere.

HYMN CCCXLVI. C. M.

For a public faſt.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r diſplay;
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

3 What num'rous crimes increaſing riſe,
Through this apoſtate land!
What land ſo favor'd of the ſkies,
Yet thoughtleſs of thy hand?

4 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers, bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the chriſtian name!

5 Regardleſs of thy ſmile or frown,
Their pleaſures they require;
And ſink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlaſting fire.

6 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy reſiſtleſs grace;
Then ſhall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

7 [Then, ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We ſhall not ſink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.]

HYMN CCCXLVII. L. M.

Of lamenting national ſins. Ezek. ix. 4.—6.

For a faſt-day.

1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge ſupreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name,
And all our trying guilt we own
In duſt and tears before thy throne.

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimſon tincture dyes our ſin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our ſtreaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Eſtrang'd from reverential awe,
We trample on thy ſacred law;
And, tho' ſuch wonders grace hath done,
Anew we crucify his Son.

4 Juſtly might this polluted land,
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
And bath'd in heav'n, thy ſword might come
To drink our blood, and ſeal our doom.

5 Yet haſt thou not a remnant here,
Whoſe ſouls are fill'd with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While proſtrate at thy feet they lie.

6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their ſecret groan:
With theſe we join our humble pray'r;
Our nation ſhield, our country ſpare.

7 [But if the ſentence be decreed,
And our dear native land muſt bleed,
By thy ſure mark may we be known,
And ſave in life or death thy own.]

HYMN CCCXLVIII. C. M.

Sick bed reflections.

1 MY ſoul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heav'nly ſhore;
And when I drop this dying fleſh,
That I ſhall ſin no more.

2 That then I ſhall behold the Lamb,
Who once for ſin was ſlain,
But roſe triumphing o'er the grave,
And on his throne doth reign.

3 I hope to hear and join the ſong,
That ſaints and angels raiſe,
And while eternal ages roll,
To ſing eternal praiſe.

4 But Oh, this dreadful heart of ſin,
It may deceive me ſtill,
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

5 The ſcene muſt then forever cloſe,
Probation at an end,
No goſpel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there deſcend.

6 Come then, O bleſſed Jeſus, come,
To me thy ſpirit give:
Shine through a dark, benighted ſoul,
And bid a ſinner live.

HYMN CCCXLIX. C. M.

For a time of general ſickneſs.

1 DEATH with his dread commiſſion ſeal'd,
Now haſtens to his arms:
In awful ſtate he takes the field,
And ſounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him ſtand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains, and dying groans obey
The ſignal of his hand.

3 With cruel force, he ſcatters round
His ſhafts of deadly pow'r;
While the grave waits its deſtin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endleſs joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth ſhall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiſcous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcaſes
O'erload the cumber'd ground;

6 The arrows, that ſhall wound your fleſh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7 Theſe, with a gentle hand, he throws,
And ſaints lie gaſping too;
But heav'nly ſtrength ſupports their ſouls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.

HYMN CCCL. C. M.

Complaint and hope under great pain.

1 LORD, I am pain'd, but I reſign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wiſdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan:

Thy reaſons lie conceal'd from ſenſe,
Myſterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to ſpeak,
And plead before her God,
Leſt the o'erburden'd heart ſhould break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4 Theſe mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor ſpirit eaſe;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he ſees.

5 [How ſhall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd?
Damp'd is my vigor, while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

6 Is not ſome ſmiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy ſwift command,
With all the joys it brings.

HYMN CCCLI. C. M.

Praiſe for recovery from ſickneſs. Pſa. cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chaſtening ſtroke;
And while I ſmart beneath thy rod,
Thy preſence I invoke.

2 To thee in my diſtreſs I cry'd,
And thou haſt bow'd thy ear;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought ſalvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteouſneſs,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my ſolemn vows,
And tune my grateful ſong.

4 Praiſe to the Lord, whoſe gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praiſe to the Lord, who makes his ſaints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Thoſe heav'nly gates diſplay,
Where pain and ſin, and fear and death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bleſs'd,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace,
In ſweeter ſtrains ſhall ſound.

HYMN CCCLII. C. M.

Longing after unſeen pleaſures. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 O COULD our thoughts and wiſhes fly
Above theſe gloomy ſhades,
To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky,
Which ſorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys unſeen by mortal eyes,
Or reaſon's feeble ray,
In ever blooming proſpects riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

3 Lord, ſend a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then ſhall, on faith's ſublimeſt wing,
Our ardent wiſhes riſe
To thoſe bright ſcenes, where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

HYMN CCCLIII. L. M.

The ſhortneſs of time, and frailty of man.
Pſa. xxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the meaſure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And ſpend the remnant to thy praiſe.

2 My days are ſhorter than a ſpan,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at beſt is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noiſe and ſhow!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treaſures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treaſures I reſign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

HYMN CCCLIV. C. M.

Death and judgment appointed to all. Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race muſt die:
One gen'ral ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in duſt they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb ſurvey,
Where you muſt quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful ſummons ſounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!

3 Once you muſt die, and once for all;
The ſolemn purport weigh;
For know, that heav'n or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Thoſe eyes, ſo long in darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake the Judge to ſee,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought
Muſt paſs his ſcrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his ſaints aſcend.

HYMN CCCLV. L. M.

The tolling bell.

1 OFT as the bell, with ſolemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a ſoul,
Let each one aſk himſelf, "Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preſerves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I m gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I muſt go;
Muſt hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlaſting ſtate.

4 LORD JESUS! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy ſpirit give,
Subdue my ſins, and let me live.

5 Th n, when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If fav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

6 Rather my ſpirit would rejoice,
And long and wiſh to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

HYMN CCCLVI. C. M.

The death of a Believer.

1 IN vain my fancy ſtrives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that ſurround a ſaint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle ſigh his fetters breaks,
We ſcarce can ſay, "he's gone!"
Before the willing ſpirit takes
Its manſions near the throne.

3 Faith ſtrives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the ſpirit's flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely bleſt;
Have done with ſin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour reſt.

5 On harps of gold they praiſe his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praiſe him too.

HYMN CCCLVII. L. M.

The death of Saints.

1 OUR life how ſhort! a groan, a ſigh,
We live, and then begin to die;
Death ſteals upon us while we're green,
Behind us digs a grave unſeen.

2 But Oh! how great a mercy this,
That death's a portal into bliſs;
While yet the body's ſcarce undreſt,
The ſoul aſcends to heav'nly reſt.

3 My ſoul! death ſwallows up thy fears,
My grave-clothes wipe away all tears;
Why ſhould we fear this parting pain,
Who die that we may live again?

4 Oh! how the reſurrection light,
Will clarify believers' ſight;
How joyful will the ſaints ariſe
And rub the duſt from off their eyes!

5 My ſoul! my body I will truſt
With him who numbers every duſt;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own—their death is but a ſleep.

HYMN CCCLVIII. L. M.

The happineſs of departing, and being with Chriſt.
Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with the clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to JESUS throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

3 The bliſsful interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Raiſ'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

4 Yet, with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
I'll wait thy ſignal for my flight;
For, while thy ſervice I purſue,
I find my heav'n begun below.

HYMN CCCLIX. C. M.

Victory over death thro' Chriſt. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my ſight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But ſee my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives:
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O amazing pow'r of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim deſtroyer, boaſt
Thy univerſal ſway;
To heav'n-born ſouls thy ſting is loſt,
Thy night is turn'd to day.

5 Lord, I commit my ſoul to thee,
Accept the ſacred truſt,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my ſleeping duſt:

6 'Till that illuſtrious morning come,
When all thy ſaints ſhall riſe,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the ſkies.

HYMN CCCLX. C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN CCCLXI. L. M.

The death of a sinner and the saint.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Prefages of eternal night.

2 His ſins in dreadful order riſe,
And fill his ſoul with ſad ſurpriſe;
Mount Sinai's thunder ſtuns his ears
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs diſtract his breaſt,
Where'er he turns he finds no reſt;
Death ſtrikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in deſpair and horror, dies,

4 Not ſo the heir of heav'nly bliſs;
His ſoul is fill'd with conſcious peace;
A ſteady faith ſubdues his fear;
He ſees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and ſerene,
No terrors in his looks are ſeen;
His Saviour's ſmile diſpels the gloom,
And ſmooths his paſſage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love ſincere,
My judgment ſound, my conſcience clear;
And when the toils of life are paſt,
May I be found in peace at laſt.

HYMN CCCLXII. S. M.

Preparation for death. Matt. xxiv. 44.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To ſtand before thy face;
Thy ſpirit muſt the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Chriſt's obedience clothe,
And waſh me in his blood:
So ſhall I lift my head with joy,
Among the ſons of God.

3 Do thou my ſins ſubdue,
Thy ſov'reign love make known;

The ſpirit of my mind renew,
And ſave me in thy ſon.

4 Let me atteſt thy pow'r
Let me thy goodneſs prove,
'Till my full ſoul can hold no more
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN CCCLXIII. Eights.

A view of death delightful to a believer.

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
What ſight upon earth is ſo fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe, when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How eaſy the ſoul that has left
This weariſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

4 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immovable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

5 The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The mountains can yield no ſupplies;
Theſe hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

6 To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb!

HYMN CCCLXIV. L. M.

A funeral hymn, at the interment of the body.

[N. B. If this or the preceding hymn is ſung at the funeral of a female, the words *ſhe* and *her*, may be ſubſtituted in place of *he* and *his*.]

1 UNVAIL thy boſom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treaſure to thy truſt,
And give theſe ſacred relics room
To ſeek a ſlumber in the duſt.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
And angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying son
Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed:
Rest here blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
Attend O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

HYMN CCCLXV. C. M.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1 LO! I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
And lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their king,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand,
Among them cloth'd in white!

The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the ſkies,
On love's triumphant wing!

HYMN CCCLXVI. L. M.

Sin and miſery connected.

1 WHAT wretched fools are they, who hear,
With ſcorn, the ſound of goſpel grace;
For ſorrow walks along with ſin,
Although they keep not equal pace.

2 How blindly ſinners graſp their chain,
And yet of freedom vainly boaſt:
They look for happineſs and peace,
Nor think by ſin their peace is loſt.

3 Approaching vice is deck'd in charms
And ſmiles with promiſes of gain:
No ſooner paſt, its joys are fled,
And all its pleaſures chang'd to pain.

4 Sinners may for a time rejoice,
Till ſtorms of threaten'd wrath ariſe,
Till juſtice graſp th' avenging ſword,
And then the wretch the ſinner dies.

HYMN CCCLXVII. L. M.

The day of judgment will ſhew the connection between ſin and miſery.

1 GOD from his throne with piercing eye,
Naked does ev'ry heart behold;
But never, till we come to die,
To us will ſuch a view unfold.

2 Should ſin, in naked form appear,
Juſt as it riſes in the heart,
And others know and ſee it there
In ev'ry feeling, every thought:

3 The fire of hell muſt kindle ſoon,
How envy and revenge would flame!
One heart would urge another on,
Till rage and vengeance want a name!

4 Sin in its nature would appear
A living death, to form a hell;
The worſt of mis'ries creatures fear,
The worſt of plagues the tongue can tell.

5 Unvail'd and naked ev'ry heart
Before the judgment ſeat muſt ſtand,
Sin act no more a double part,
But meet a death from its own hand.

6 The fiery lake muſt hotter grow
From the fierce claſh of ſinful ſouls;
Each boſom like a furnace glow,
Nor God the rage, or fire control.

HYMN CCCLXVIII. Sevens.

Sinner, prepare to meet God!

1 SINNER, art thou ſtill ſecure?
Wilt thou ſtill refuſe to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day!

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment-day prepar'd,
Thou muſt either break or bow.

3 At his preſence nature ſhakes,
Earth affrighted haſtes to flee;

Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your ſhame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Then the rich, the great, the wiſe,
Trembling, guilty, ſelf-condemn'd;
Muſt behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blaſphem'd.

6 Where are now their haughty looks,
Oh, their horror and deſpair!
When they ſee the open'd books,
And their dreadful ſentence hear!

7 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we muſt reſign our breath;
And our ſouls be call'd to paſs
Through the iron gate of death.

8 Let us now our day improve,
Liſten to the goſpel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN CCCLXIX. L. M.

Sinners and ſaints in the wreck of nature.
Iſaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who ſhakes creation with his rod!
He frowns—earth, ſea, and all their frame
Sink in one univerſal flame.

2 Where now, O where ſhall ſinners ſeek
For ſhelter in the general wreck;
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like ſnow diſſolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows toft,
For ever—O forever loft!

4 But faints, undaunted and ferene,
With calmneſs view the dreadful ſcene;
Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and ſkies diſſolve in fire.

5 Jeſus, the helpleſs creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canſt preſerve my feeble ſoul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN CCCLXX. L. M.

The day of the Lord.

1 HARK! from the ſky, the trump proclaims,
Jeſus the Judge approaching nigh!
See, the creation wrapt in flames,
Firſt kindled by his vengeful eye!

2 When thus the mountains melt like wax;
When earth, and air, and ſea, ſhall burn:
When all the frame of nature ſhakes;
Poor ſinner, whither wilt thou turn?

3 The puny works which feeble men
Now boaſt, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treaſures, then
Shall periſh in one common fire.

4 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above!
Since all below to ruin tends.
Here may we truſt, obey and love,
And there be found amongſt thy friends.

HYMN CCCLXXI. C. M.

Thunder, or the day of judgment.

1 WHEN a black overſpreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air;
And peals of thunder roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempeſt near;

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of ſin,
The ſinner oft purſue;
A louder ſtorm is heard within,
And conſcience thunders too.

3 But whither, ſinners, will ye flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air and ſea
Shall all diſſolve in flame?

4 Amazing day! it comes apace!
The Judge is haſt'ning down!
Can ye then bear to ſee his face,
Or ſtand before his frown.

5 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each ſtubborn heart;
That they may never hear thee ſay,
"Ye curſed ones depart."

HYMN CCCLXXII. L. M.

The book opened. Rev. xx. 12.

1 METHINKS the laſt great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet ſound
That ſhakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the priſoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her truſt,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both ſmall and great now quit their duſt,
And round the dread tribunal ſtand.

3 Behold the awful books diſplay'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every ſoul, the books aſſign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No plea the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when theſe awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my ſoul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN CCCLXXIII. S. M.

The final ſentence and miſery of the wicked.
Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge deſcend?
And muſt the dead ariſe?
And not a ſingle ſoul eſcape
His all-diſcerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread ſentence ſound;
And through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black deſpair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlaſting flame,
"For rebel angels firſt prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day:
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Aſtoniſh'd ſhrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet ſhakes
The manſions of the dead;

Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN CCCLXXIV. C. M.

The final sentence, and happiness of the righteous.
Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heav'n.

3 "Bless'd of my father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward;
"And rise, with raptures to possess
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
"His sov'reign purpose wrought,
"And rear'd those palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my pow'r;
"While sin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your souls no more."

6 Come, dear majeſtic Saviour, come,
This Jubilee proclaim;
And teach us language fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a name.

HYMN CCCLXXV. Eights and Sevens.

Day of Judgment.

1 LO! he cometh! countleſs trumpets
Blow to riſe the ſleeping dead;
Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels
See their great exalted head:
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Every eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty:
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Meſſiah ſee.

3 Every iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth ſhall flee away:
All who hate him muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 At his call, the dead awaken,
Riſe to life from earth and ſea:
All the powers of nature, ſhaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careleſs ſinner,
What will then become of thee?

5 Horrors paſt imagination,
Will ſurpriſe thy trembling heart;
When thou hear'ſt thy condemnation,

" Hence, accurſed wretch, depart!
" Thou with ſatan
" And his angels, have thy part!"

6 But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the Lord, below;
He will ſay, " come near, ye bleſſed,
" See the kingdom I beſtow:
" You forever
" Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN CCCLXXVI. L. M.

The Song of Heaven deſired by Saints on earth.

1 THE dawn of morning veils her face
When the bright ſun aſcends the ſpace;
So glad will grace reſign her room
To glory in the heavn'ly home.

2 Happy the company that's gone
From croſs to crown, from thrall to throne;
How loud they ſing upon the ſhore,
To which they ſail'd in heart before!

3 Bleſs'd are the dead, yea, ſaith the word,
That die in Chriſt the living Lord,
And on the other ſide of death
Thus joyful ſpend their praiſing breath:

4 " Death from all death has ſet us free,
" And will our gain for ever be;
" Death loos'd the maſſy chains of woe,
" To let the mournful captive go.

5 " Death is to to us a ſweet repoſe,
" The bud was op'd to ſhew the roſe;
" The cage was broke to let us fly,
" And build our happy neſt on high.

6 " Lo, here we do triumphant reign,
" And joyful ſing in lofty ſtrain:

" Lo here we reſt, and love to be,
" Enjoying more than faith could ſee.

7 " The thouſandth part we now behold,
" By mortal tongues was never told;
" We got a taſte, but now above
" We forage in the fields of love.

8 " Faith once beheld a diſtant joy,
" Now love drinks deep without alloy;
" Beyond the fears of more miſhap,
" We gladly reſt in glory's lap.

9 " Earth was to us a ſeat of war,
" In thrones of triumph now we are;
" We long'd to ſee our Jeſus dear,
" And ſought him there, but find him here.

10 " We walk in white without annoy,
" In glorious galleries of joy:
" And crown'd through everlaſting days,
" We rival cherubs in their praiſe.

11 " No longer we complain of wants,
" We ſee the glorious King of ſaints,
" Amidſt his joyful hoſts around,
" With all his heav'nly glory crown'd.

12 " We ſee him at his table head
" With living water, living bread,
" His cheerful gueſts inceſſant load
" With all the plenitude of God.

13 " We ſee the holy flaming fires,
" Cherubic and ſeraphic quires;
" And gladly join with thoſe on High,
" To warble praiſe eternally.

14 " Glory to God that here we came,
" And glory to the glorious Lamb;
" Our light, our life, our joy, our all,
" We now embrace ſecure from fall.

15 "Our Lord is ours, and we are his;
"Yea, now we ſee him as he is:
"And hence we like unto him are,
"And full his glorious image ſhare.

16 "No darkneſs now, no diſmal night,
"No vapour interceps the light;
"We ſee for ever face to face,
"The higheſt Prince in higheſt place.

17 "This, this does heav'n enough afford,
"We are for ever with the Lord:
"We want no more, for all is giv'n;
"His preſence is the bliſs of heav'n."

18 While thus I laid my liſt'ning ear
Cloſe to the door of heav'n to hear;
And then the ſacred page did view,
Which told me all I heard was true;

19 Yet ſhew'd me that the heav'nly ſong
Surpaſſes ev'ry mortal tongue,
With ſuch unutterable ſtrains
As none in fett'ring fleſh attains:

20 Then ſaid I, "O to mount away,
"And leave this clog of heavy clay!
"Let wings of time more haſty fly,
"That I may join the ſongs on high."

HYMN CCCLXXVII. C. M.

Deſiring to join in the Song of Angels.

1 EARTH has engroſs'd my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

2 There the bleſt man, my Saviour, ſits;
The GOD how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around;
And move, and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

4 Jeſus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jeſus, my love, they ſing:
Jeſus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from every ſtring.

5 Now let me mount and join their ſong,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
O for ſome heav'nly notes to bear
My paſſions to the ſkies!

7 There ye that love my Saviour, ſit;
There I would have a place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII. Sevens.

Thankſgiving Hymn. (Tune, Aſcenſion.)

1 SWELL the anthem, raiſe the ſong!
Praiſes to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to ſing,
Praiſe to heav'ns Almighty King.

2 Bleſſings from his lib'ral hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath his ſway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.

3 Lo! the trembling nations ſtand,
Smote by thy avenging hand;
O'er their wide-extended plains,
Awful deſolation reigns.

4 Yet, to Thee our joys aſcend,
Thou haſt been our heav'nly friend,
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bleſs our ſhore.

5 Here beneath a virtuous ſway,
Subjects cheerfully obey,
Here we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here we own, and worſhip God.

6 Hark! the voice of nature ſings,
Praiſes to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral ſong,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

[N. B. The above hymn did not come to hand in ſeaſon to be inſerted in its proper place.]

HOSANNAS AND DOXOLOGIES.

HOSANNAS.

Long Metre.

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne;
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

Common Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

2 Hoſanna to th' incarnate word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

Short Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Chriſt th' anointed King
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n:
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Sevens.

SING hoſanna to the Lord,
Hail the everlaſting word,
Tell his life, his death, his love,
Bow before him now above.

DOXOLOGIES.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praiſe, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And ſaints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the ſpirit too.

As the 113th Pſalm.

NOW to the great and ſacred three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Eternal praiſe and glory given.

Through all the worlds where God is known.
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the ſaints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Pſalm.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raiſe,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe:
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we ſing,
While faith adores.

Eights and Sixes.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be praiſe amid the heav'nly hoſt,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

Eights.

MAY the grace of Chriſt our Saviour,
And the Father's boundleſs love,
With the holy Spirit's favor,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And poſſeſs, in ſweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sevens.

Praiſe the Father, praiſe the ſon,
Praiſe the ſpirit one in three,
Join the ſong in heav'n begun,
Glory to the Trinity.

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Page
ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought,	142
Adam our father and our head,	27
Afflicted saints to Christ draw near,	81
Ah lovely appearance of death,	293
Alas, alas, how blind I've been,	166
Alas and did my Saviour bleed,	275
Alas by nature how deprav'd,	32
Alas what hourly dangers rise,	171
All hail the pow'r of Jesu's name,	73
Almighty God thy piercing eye,	19
Almighty maker God,	196
Almighty maker of my frame,	286
Almighty Sov'reign of the skies,	278
Aloud we sing the wond'rous grace,	125
Amazing grace how sweet the sound,	92
Am I a soldier of the cross,	70
And is this heav'n and am I there,	142
And must I part with all I have,	135
And will the great eternal God,	277
And will the Judge descend,	301
And will th' offended God again,	114
Angels roll the rock away,	58
Anxious I strove to find the way,	233
A present God is all our strength,	90
Ascend thy throne almighty King,	198
As the serpent rais'd by Moses,	38
Astonish'd and distress'd,	27
As when the weary traveller gains,	226
At length the wish'd-for spring is come,	252
Attend my ear, my heart rejoice,	302
Attend my soul the voice divine,	14
Attend while God's exalted Son,	32
Awake my soul to joyful lays,	10
Awake my soul tune every string,	230

	Page,
Awake our drowſy ſouls,	260
Away my unbelieving fear,	145
BEHOLD the great eternal God,	16
Behold the Saviour on the tree,	231
Behold the ſons the heirs of God,	112
Beſide the goſpel pool,	162
Bleſt are the humble ſouls that ſee,	242
Bleſt be the tie that binds,	124
Bleſt Lord behold the guilty ſcorn, S	205
Bleſt Lord when darkneſs veils the ſkies,	257
Bleſt Martha love and joy expreſs'd,	158
Bleſt Saviour by thy pow'rful word,	130
Blow ye the trumpet blow,	33
Break thro' the clouds dear Lord and ſhine,	178
Brethren belov'd for Jeſu's ſake,	209
By various maxims forms and rules,	177
CHEER up my ſoul there is a mercy ſeat,	221
Children of the heav'nly king,	110
Come gracious ſpirit heav'nly dove,	87
Come holy Ghoſt my ſoul inſpire,	175
Come humble ſinner in whoſe breaſt,	167
Come let me love or is my mind,	123
Come my ſoul thy ſuit prepare,	91
Come ſinners faith the mighty God,	48
Come thou almighty King,	248
Come ye ſinners poor and wretched,	48
Creator God eternal light,	143
DEAD be my heart to all below,	202
Dear friend of guilty ſinners hear,	128
Dear Lord though bitter is the cup,	127
Death with his dread commiſſion ſeal'd,	282
Deep are the wounds which ſin hath made,	84
Deſtruction's dangerous road,	193

Page.
Did Chriſt o'er ſinners weep, 196
Didſt thou dear Jeſus ſuffer ſhame, 96
Diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing Lord, 237
Dread Sinai roars the man be curſt, 28

EARTH has engroſs'd my love too long, 306
Ere the blue heavens were ſtretch'd abroad, 30
Eternal God almighty cauſe, 5
Eternal God enthron'd on high, 215
Eternal power whoſe high abode, 13
Eternal ſource of every joy, 254
Eternal ſpirit ſource of light, 83
Eternal wiſdom thee we praiſe, 20

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs, 101
Far from thy fold O God my feet, 225
Father divine thy piercing eye, 173
Father how wide thy glories ſhine, 51
Father is not thy promiſe pledg'd, 203
Father of all thy care we bleſs, 174
Father of faithful Abraham hear, 204
Father of glory to thy name, 6
Father of mercies in thy word, 44
Father ſupreme all nature's God, 222
Father whate'er of earthly bliſs, 171
Fierce paſſions diſcompoſe the mind, 176
Forgiveneſs 'tis a joyful ſound, 65
Frequent the day of God returns, 261

GIVE to the winds thy fears, 24
God from his throne with piercing eye, 215
God in the goſpel of his ſon, 43
God moves in a myſterious way, 25
Go worſhip at Emmanuel's feet, 243
Grace 'tis a charming ſound, 47
Gracious ſpirit dove divine, 18

Page.
Grant Lord I may delight in thee, 122
Great former of this various frame, 14
Great God of glory ſhow thy face, 206
Great God of providence thy ways, 23
Great God my maker and my king, 187
Great ſource of being heavenly king, 224

HAIL mighty Jeſus how divine, 46
Hail the day that ſees him riſe, 107
Hark from the ſky the trump proclaims, 299
Hark hear the ſound on earth 'tis found, 165
Hark the glad ſound the ſaviour comes, 56
Heal us Emmanuel here we ſtand, 77
Hear gracious ſovereign from thy throne, 87
Heaven has confirm'd the great decree, 286
He dies the friend of ſinners dies, 269
He lives the great redeemer lives, 62
He who on earth as man was known, 64
Ho every one that thirſts draw nigh, 188
Holy and reverend is thy name, 12
Holy Ghoſt diſpel our ſadneſs, 17
How are I held a priſoner now, 141
How bleſt the righteous are, 80
How firm a foundation ye ſaints of the Lord, 170
How great how terrible that God, 298
How great our glorious ſhepherd's love, 263
How happy they who know the Lord, 210
How loſt was my condition, 39
How many and great are the foes which inveſt, 169
How many years has man been driven, 204
How precious is the book divine, 43
How ſad our ſtate by nature is, 183
How ſhall the ſons of men appear, 198
How ſweet the ſound of joyful ſounds, 63

Page.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow, 172
Jehovah reigns his throne is high, 182
Jehovah reigns let all the earth, 74
Jesus believing we rejoice, 149
Jesus lover of my soul, 157
Jesus my all to heaven is gone, 98
Jesus my king proclaims the war, 156
Jesus our triumphant head, 108
Jesus thy blessings are not few, 96
Jesus we bless thy father's name, 37
Jesus we sing thy matchless grace, 150
Jesus who knows full well, 160
If God had bid his thunders roll, 163
I hate the tempter and his charms, 218
Indulgent father by whose care, 258
Infinite excellence is thine, 82
Infinite grief amazing woe, 264
In his own appointed hour, 234
In sin by blinded passions led, 180
In vain my fancy strives to paint, 288
In vain the giddy world enquires 202
Join all the names of love and power, 240
I send the joys of earth away. 239
I was a grov'ling creature once, 129
I would but cannot sing, 114

KEEP silence all created things, 9

LADEN with guilt and full of fears, 45
Let all our tongues be one, 212
Let anxious doubts be heard no more, 194
Let carnal minds the world pursue, 214
Let party names no more, 125
Let those who bear the Christian name, 136
Let us adore the grace that seeks, 181
Let us love and sing and wonder, 217

	Page.
Let Zion's watchmen all awake,	276
Lo he cometh countleſs trumpets,	303
Lo I behold the ſcatt'ring ſhades,	295
Long have I walk'd this dreary road,	138
Look down O Lord with pitying eye,	197
Lord at thy feet we ſinners lie,	109
Lord diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing,	238
Lord haſt thou made me know thy ways,	71
Lord I am pain'd but I reſign,	283
Lord I'm defil'd in every part,	101
Lord ſhall we part with gold for droſs,	202
Lord thou haſt been thy children's God,	6
Lord thou with an unerring beam,	8
Lord what a crowd of anxious cares,	226
Lord what is man extremes how wide,	189
Lord who ſhall drive my trembling ſoul,	146
Lo the young tribes of Adam riſe,	211
Love divine all loves excelling,	76
Lo what a rapturous joy poſſeſs'd,	55
MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires,	240
Mercy O thou Son of David,	153
Methinks the laſt great day is come,	300
'Midſt all the prieſts of Jewiſh race,	97
Moſt Holy Lord I love thy truth,	235
Muſt all the charms of nature then,	213
My barns are full my ſtores increaſe,	159
My dear Redeemer ſee,	42
My former hopes are dead,	220
My heart has been too long enſnar'd,	182
My ſoul doth magnify the Lord,	164
My ſoul would fain indulge a hope,	282
My times of ſorrow and of joy,	134
NO more I aſk or hope to find,	217
Not all the nobles of the earth,	66

Page.

Not by the laws of innocence, 53
Not to Sinai's dreadful blaze, 236
Now begin the heavenly theme, 37
Now gracious Lord thine arm reveal, 249
Now in a ſong of grateful praiſe, 85
Now is the time th' accepted hour, 69
Now let a true ambition riſe, 238
Now let our ſouls on wings ſublime, 211
Now may the Lord reveal his face, 46
Now ſee the rebel raiſe his eyes, 200
Now the ſhades of night are gone, 256

O COULD I find from day to day, 148
O could our thoughts and wiſhes fly, 285
Of all the joys which creatures know, 114
O for a cloſer walk with God, 77
O for a glance of heavenly day, 106
O for a heart to praiſe and pray, 259
O for a thouſand tongues to ſing, 271
Of ſinful Adam's numerous race, 115
Oft as the bell with ſolemn toll, 287
O God whoſe favorable eye, 191
O happy ſoul that lives on high, 195
O Lord by thy ſupporting hand, 250
O Lord how vile am I, 219
O Lord my beſt deſires fulfil, 135
O Lord our languid ſouls inſpire, 208
O love divine what haſt thou done, 75
Once did the ſons of Abraham paſs, 264
Once O Lord thy garden flouriſh'd, 207
Once periſhing in blood I lay, 99
One awful word which Jeſus ſpoke, 158
One there is above all others, 187
On man in his own image made, 26
Oppreſs'd with unbelief and ſin, 175
O righteous God thou judge ſupreme, 281

Page.
O ſight of anguiſh view it near, 34
O tell me no more of this world's vain ſtore, 72
O that I knew the ſecret place, 67
O that my load of ſin were gone, 93
O that the Lord would hear my cry, 131
O thou my God who from thy throne ſupreme, 132
O thou to whoſe all-ſearching ſight, 241
Our great Redeemer's gone, 274
Our life how ſhort a groan a ſigh, 288
Our Lord is riſen from the dead, 60
Our wiſhes would our ruin prove, 92
O wretched ſouls who ſtrive in vain, 174

PATIENCE O what a grace divine, 127
Peace 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand, 151
Plung'd in a gulph of dark deſpair, 184
Poor ſinners little do they think, 152
Praiſe to the Lord who bows his ear, 279
Prepare a thankful ſong, 189
Prepare me gracious God, 192
Proſtrate dear Jeſus at thy feet, 55

RAISE thoughtleſs ſinner raiſe thine eye, 137
Rejoice the Lord is king, 60
Religion is the chief concern, 144
Remember us we pray thee Lord, 236
Repent the voice celeſtial cries, 54
Return my roving heart return, 150
Riſe my ſoul and ſtretch thy wings, 155

SALVATION what a glorious plan, 29
Saviour look on thy merit, 67
Saviour hear my ſoul, 118
See [illegible] anointed prieſt, 79
See, gracious [illegible] thy throne, 280
See how brown [illegible] ds the field, 253
See how rude, winter [illegible] hand, 251

Page.

See how the little toiling ant, 213
See how the worthleſs bramble ſtands, 122
See him an nature ſunk in ſhame, 86
See the raſh youth defil'd with ſin, 199
See the victorious Jeſus come, 268
Shepherd of Iſrael thou doſt keep, 276
Should bounteous nature kindly pour, 126
Should the riſing whirlwinds tear, 228
Sight, hearing, feeling, taſte and ſmell, 103
Sing to the Lord a new melodious ſong, 267
Sin has undone our wretched race, 250
Sinner art thou ſtill ſecure, 297
Sinner behold I've heard thy groan, S 139
Sinners obey the goſpel word, 95
Sinners the voice of God regard, 50
Smote by thy law I'm juſtly ſlain, S 105
Sometimes a light ſurpriſes, 104
Sov'reign of life I own thy hand, 284
Stay thou inſulted ſpirit, ſtay, 89
Stretch'd on the croſs the Saviour dies, 58
Sure the bleſt comforter is nigh, 89
Sure 'tis in vain to ſeek for bliſs, 140
Sweeter ſounds than muſic knows, 31
Sweet glories ruſh upon my ſight, 227
Sweet was the time when firſt I felt, 117
Swell the anthem raiſe the ſong, 307

THAT was a wonder working word, 1[illegible]
The billows ſwell, the winds are high, 23[illegible]
The book of nature open lies 23
The dawn of morning veils her face, 304
The day is paſt and gone, 259
Thee will I love my Lord my tower, 147
The fountain of Chriſt Lord help us to ſing, 41
The God who [illegible] 222
The graſs and flow'rs which clea[illegible] the field, 252

Page.
The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare, 224
The Lord proclaims his grace abroad, 99
The Lord receives his higheſt praiſe, 193
The Lord will happineſs divine, 119
The mighty frame of glorious grace, 61
The moment a ſinner believes, 102
The new born child of goſpel grace, 190
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, 42
There is a God that reigns above, 20
There was an hour when Chriſt rejoic'd, 240
Thine earthly ſabbaths Lord we love, 262
Though in the earthly church below, 153
Though troubles aſſail and dangers affright, 78
Thou great phyſician of the ſoul, 116
Through all the changing ſcenes of life, 144
Through all the various ſhifting ſcenes, 22
Thus far my God has led me on, 186
Thus ſaith the holy one and true, 178
Thy mercy my God is the theme of my ſong, 11
Thy names how infinite they be, 7
Thy preſence gracious God afford, 237
Thy ways, O Lord with wiſe deſign, 21
'Tis a point I long to find, 120
'Tis from the treaſures of his word, 245
'Tis Jeſus calls my ſoul away, 140
'Tis the Lord thus far has brought me, 129
To break the chains of ſin and death, 51
To God the only wiſe, 179
To love divine th' eternal ſong, 147
'Twas on that night when doom'd to know, 269
'Twas the eternal word that ſpoke, 255

UNCLEAN unclean and full of ſin, 146
Unvail thy boſom faithful tomb, 294

WAIT O my ſoul thy maker's will, 10
Wealth is a bleſſing only lent, 121

Page.
Weary of ſtruggling with my pain, 94
What jarring natures dwell within, 28
What myſteries Lord in thee combine, 273
What ſcenes of horror and of dread, 291
What various hindrances we meet, 161
What wiſdom majeſty and grace, 35
What wretched fools are they who hear, 296
When a black overſpreading cloud, 300
When any turn from Zion's way, 162
When converts firſt begin to ſing, 112
When darkneſs long has veil'd my mind, 111
When death appears before my ſight, 290
Whene'er the angry paſſions riſe, 83
When God the patriarch Abra'm call'd, 262
When I can read my title clear, 232
When Iſrael through the deſert paſs'd, 43
When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs, 265
When I the bleſt Redeemer ſee, 266
When I the holy grave ſurvey, 59
When on a ſummer's ſultry day, 227
When the poor leper's caſe I read, 100
When with my mind devoutly preſs'd, 168
Where is my God, does he retire, 64
Where ſhall we ſinners hide our heads, 70
Wherewith O Lord ſhall I draw near, 53
While I to grief my ſoul gave way, 208
While on the verge of life I ſtand, 289
Who ſhall condemn to endleſs flames, 36
Why do we mourn departing friends, 291
Why ſinks my weak deſponding mind, 109
With dying want the ſinner cries, 200
With fiery ſerpents greatly pain'd, 133
With holy zeal and Chriſtian grace, 229
With humble heart and tongue, 214
With kind compaſſion hear my cry, 131
With thee great God the ſtores of light, 266

Page.
YE glittering toys of earth adieu, 83
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm, 212
Ye ſons of men with joy record, 15
Ye wretched hungry ſtarving poor, 270
Ye worlds of light that roll ſo near, 74
Yonder amazing ſight I ſee, 57

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame, 192

A TABLE of TEXTS of SCRIPTURE.

Hymn

Geneſis.
iii. - - - 27
v. 24. - - 93
xviii. 19. - 212
xxii. 14. - 94

Exodus.
xxxiv. 6—8. - 12

Leviticus.
viii. 7—9 - 95

Numbers.
xxi. 4 - - 206
xxiii. 10. - 96

Deuteronomy.
vi. 4. - - 1
viii. 2. - - 229
xxxiii. 25. - 97
—— 27. - 15

Joſhua.
xxiv. 15. - 213

Judges.
xvi. 20. - 109

1 Samuel.
xxx. 6. - 132

Hymn

1 Kings.
iii. 5. - 110, 111

1 Chronicles.
xvii. 16, 17. 112

Eſther.
iv. 16. - 204

Job.
xxiii. 3, 4. - 80
xxix. 2. - 142

Pſalms.
ii. 8. - - 251
iv. 4. - 184
—. 6. - 248
vi. - - 161
xix. - - 49
xxiii. - - 277
xxiv. 7. - 71
xxxiv. - 175
xxxvii. 4. - 148
xxxix. - 353
xlv. 3—5 - 52
xlvi. 10. - 185
li. 11. - 108

	Hymn
lxv, 11. -	314
lxxxvii. 5 -	343
lxxxix. 1. -	9
xc. - -	3
xcvii. - -	89
cii. 25—28. -	13
cvi. 4, 5. -	292
cvii. - -	22
— 31. -	14
cxviii. 18, 19.	351
cxix. 9. -	266
— 105. -	48
— 117. -	85
— 136, 158.	103
cxxxix. -	5
Proverbs.	
viii. 17. -	263
— 34, 35. -	224
Solomon's Song.	
i. 3. - -	98
Isaiah.	
i. 18. -	55
viii. 13. -	10
xxiv. 18—20.	369
xxxv. 10. -	134
xl. 6—8. -	312
xliv. 23. -	58
lv. 1. - -	232
lxiii. 7. -	8
Jeremiah.	
iii. 15. -	341
viii. 22. -	101
xvii. 5—8. -	147
— 9. -	29
Ezekiel.	
ix. 4—6 -	347
xvi. 63. -	120
xxxvi. 25—28	121
—— 37. -	104
xxxvii. 3. -	244
Daniel.	
v. 5, 6. -	186
— 27. -	168
Micah.	
vi. 6—8. -	62
Habakkuk.	
iii. 17, 18.	176, 283
Haggai.	
ii. 7. - -	98
Zechariah.	
xiii. 1. -	45, 46
Matthew.	
v. 2—12. -	302
— 44. -	152
vi. 6. - -	211
— 10. -	245
— 33 -	297
viii. 2, 3. -	122
xiii. 37—42	187
— 39. -	313
— 46. -	100
xv. 19. -	29
xvi. 26. -	249
xix. 16—22.	265
xxiv. 44. -	362
xxv. 34. -	374
— 41. -	373
xxvi. 26—29.	333
— 41. -	209
Mark.	
viii. 34. -	166
— 36. -	243

	Hymn
ix. 24. -	182
x. 21. -	265
— 47, 48. -	188
xi. 20. -	193
Luke.	
i. 74, 75. -	345
iv. 18, 19. -	66
vii. 47. -	78
ix. 23. -	166
x. 21, 22. -	300
— 38—42. -	194
xii. 16—21.	195
— 32. -	134
xiii. 23. -	239
xiv. 22. -	335
xv. 11—24.	247
— 32. -	65
xviii. 1—7.	196
— 18—23. -	265
xix. 41. -	243
xxi. 19. -	154
xxiii. 34. -	152
John.	
i. 3, 14. -	33
— 12. -	79
iii. 14. -	43
— 16. -	331
v. 2—4. -	198
vi. 20. -	178
— 67—69	199
xii. 32 -	67
xiii. 7. -	24
— 15. -	99
xiv. 6. -	246
— 16, 17, -	107
Acts.	
ix. 6. -	200
xvii. 30. -	63
Romans.	
i. 16. -	61
vii. 19. -	139
viii. 14. -	105
— 33—39	40
1 Corinthians.	
vi. 19. -	189
xiii. 1—3.	153
xv. 57. -	359
2 Corinthians.	
iv. 18. -	352
vi. 17, 18. -	223
xii. 9. -	215
Galatians.	
iii. 28 -	151
vi. 14. -	329
Ephesians.	
i. 3 &c. -	41
ii. 5. - -	54
— 18. -	2
iii. 9, 10. -	33
iv. 15, 16. -	183
vi. 13—17.	284
Philippians.	
i. 23. -	358
ii. 8, 9. -	73
iv. 4. -	72
— 8. -	167
— 11. -	216
Colossians.	
i. 16. -	33
ii. 15. -	73
1 Timothy.	
i. 11. - -	39

	Hymn
Hebrews.	
iv. 9. -	324
vii. 25. -	74
ix. 27. -	354
x. 39. -	61
xii. 2. -	217
— 5—11. -	218
xiii. 17. -	342
James.	
i. 27. -	174
2 Peter.	
i. 4. -	207
1 John.	
ii. 1. - -	77
iii. 1. - -	79
v. 6. - -	337
— 21. -	189
Jude.	
verses 24, 25.	229
Revelation.	
i. 17, 18. -	338
iii. 7—13. -	219
xx. 12. -	372
xxii. 16. -	88

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

N. B. The figures point to the hymns.

ADOPTION, 79.

Afflictions, benefit of 218; longing for the divine presence in, 80.

Ascension of Christ, 69, 71, 130, 131, 228, 285.

Assurance, prayer for, 214.

Atonement and Sanctification, 35.

Autumn, or the harvest the end of the world, 313.

BACKSLIDER, his return, 162.

Baptism, hymns for, 325—327.

Barrenness and indwelling sin, 123.

Beatitudes, 302.

Brethren, welcome to, 259.

CHRIST, Aaron a type of 95; acceptance thro' 246; a covert from the heat 282; a fountain for sinners 45, 46; an advocate 77; a refuge in temptation 192; chastised for us 328; confidence in the power of 86; crowned Lord of all 87; eternal life in 199; healing mercy in 92; his ascension 69, 71, 130, 131, 228, 285; his call

to his elect 223; his character from ſcripture metaphors 303; his compaſſionate tears 243; his death 59, 68, 285, 334; his divinity 33; his fulneſs 75; his goſpel 36; his humiliation, exaltation and triumph 73, 338; his incarnation 34, 285; his infancy 38; his interceſſion 74, 285, 339; his kingdom 72; his love 149; his merit 80; his miniſtry 66; his prieſthood 118; his reſurrection 59, 69, 70, 228, 285, 332, 334; his ſcriptural names and titles 304, 305; his ſovereign call 289; his ſufferings 47; looking to him 43, 44, 163; love to 138, 179; our example 99, 152, 217; praiſe to 227, 234; reigning 334; revealed to a condemned ſinner 128; the beſt friend 231; the bright and morning ſtar 88; the chriſtian's reſort under difficulties 206, 229; the chriſtian's ſufficiency 102; the deſire of all nations 98; the good phyſician 44, 101; the head of the church 183; the only ſaviour 31; the pearl of great price 100; the refuge of the church 76; the ſhepherd of his people 277; the way to Canaan 119; truſt in 158.

Chriſtian, complaining of remaining ſin 139; deſiring a return of light 142; doubting 140; hidden life of 241; his armour 284; his fortitude 116; his love 151; his requeſt 208; his reſolution 213; his warfare 191; in darkneſs 143; paſſing to glory 172.

Chriſtians, and hypocrites 187; endangered by the world 124; longing for heaven 190; the ſons of God 79. *See Saints.*

Church, admiſſion to 278; Chriſt its head 183; Chriſt the refuge of 76; its future increaſe 251.

Comforts, true and falſe 236.

Conference, hymn for 258; welcome to 259.

Contentment, 216; and patience 217.
Convert, 279; new humbled 235; young in darkneſs 137.
Creation, old and new 221, 290; proves the being and perfections of God 26.
Creatures, mutability of 13.
Croſs, ſoldier of 83; of Chriſt attraction of 67; praiſing at 90; ſtrength from a view of 330.
DARKNESS, lamented 143.
Death, and heaven 173; appointed to all 354; of a chriſtian, view of delightful 363; of Chriſt 59, 68, 285, 334; preparation for 362; the Chriſtian's paſſage to glory 17—, the moment of 173; thoughts on 19.
Declenſion, lamented 256.
Decrees, of God 6.
Dedication, of a place of worſhip, hymn for 34[illegible].
Delight, in God 148.
Deſpair, prevented 177.
Doubts, relieved 288.
ELECTING and ſanctifying grace—41.
Election, 40.
Eternal Sabbath 324.
Evening, hymns for 318—320.
Exaltation, of Chriſt 73, 87.
FAITH, and ſanctification 226; and unbelief 132; connected with ſalvation 61; conquering 125; in the power and grace of Chriſt 86; its review and expectation 112; living and dead 238; power of 124; ſuperior to ſenſe 120.
Fall, of man, its effects lamented 27, 103.
Family, prayer, 212.
Farewell, to ſin and the world 250; to the body 173.
Faſt, hymns for 346, 347.
Fear, removed by God's preſence 178.
Forgiveneſs, 78.

Forms, vain without religion 242.
Funeral, hymns for 356, 357, 364.
GOD, above idols 89; delight in 148; exalted above all praiſe 11; glorious in the ſalvation of ſinners 57; his anſwer to a complaining ſinner 170; his dominion and decrees 6; his eternity 3; his goodneſs 14, 230, 331; his holineſs 10; his immutability 13; his infinity 4; his juſtice 230; his majeſty and perfections 225; his mercy 9, 120, 331; his name proclaimed 12; his omnipreſence 5; his omniſcience 5, 18; his people's refuge and ſupport 15; his perfections harmonious 32, 225; his preſence longed for 80, 181; —— removes fear 178; —— reſtored 311; —— withdrawn 310; his unity 1; his wiſdom unſearchable 7; reaſoning with men 55; ſight of in heaven 173; thoughts on 19; truſt in 175, 176, 177, 283; walking with him 93; will provide 94.
Goſpel, and law 31; glorious 39; its atonement and ſanctification 337; its power and divinity 240; its privileges 260; jubilee 37; of Chriſt 36; prayer for the ſpread of 245; ſuited to all wants 117.
Grace, efficacious 52; electing and ſanctifying 41; in anſwer to prayer 121; its ſufficiency 215; prayer for 111, 275, 292, 301; proportioned to our need 97; reigning 53; ſalvation by 54; ſovereignty of 300; throne of 293.
Gravity, and decency 136.
HARDNESS, of heart lamented 129.
Heart, contrite 144; evil 29; its hardneſs 129; new created 60.
Heaven, aged Chriſtian rejoicing in a view of 268; entrance into 173; longed for 171, 261,

269, 352; prospect of 281; song of desired 376, 377.
Holiness, and sin 30.
Hope, from the divine perfections 132; rejoicing in 134.
Hypocrites, 193; and Christians 187.

INCARNATION, of Christ 34, 285.
Intercession of Christ 74, 285, 339.
Invitation to sinners 56, 115, 232; to the gospel feast 335; to youth 263.
JEWS, prayer for 253.
Joy, in hope 134; in hope of heaven 157; return of 135.
Judgment, and youth 262; appointed to all 354; day of 313, 368———375.
LAW, and gospel 31.
Life, eternal in Christ 199.
Light, breaking into the soul 127; desired 142; restoration of prayed for 159; shining in darkness 273.
Lord's supper instituted 333.
Love, Christian 151; divine 91, 200; eternal praised 180; redeeming 42, 149; superior to all attainments 153; to Christ present or absent 138; to enemies 152.

MAN, by nature, grace and glory 239; his fall 27, 103; his frailty 267, 312, 353; his mortality 3, 267.
Mercy, Bartimeus' prayer for 188; pleaded for 133; prevailing 120.
Millenium, prayer for 252.
Missionaries, prayer for 255.
Morning, hymns for 315——317.
Mysteries, of Providence 23; to be explained 24.
NAME, of God proclaimed 12.

OLD age approaching 267.
Ordination, hymns for 341, 342.

PARDON, and sanctification 84.
Parting hymn, 150.
Patience, 154, 155.
Penitent, pleading for mercy 133, 161, 274; returning 205, 274.
Perseverance, 85; and grace 220; rewarded 219.
Praise, at the cross 90; for redeeming love 270; for the incarnation 34.
Prayer, and watchfulness 209; answered by crosses 210; exhortation to 197; family 212; for assurance 214; for Jews 253; for missions 255; for opposers of experimental religion 254; for relief from sin and darkness 280; for rest in Christ 156; for the Millenium 252; for the spread of Christ's kingdom 245; importunate 196; Lord's imitated 276; of a penitent 161; of the sick soul 141; procuring grace 121; secret 211; waiting in 198.
Presumption, and despair 271.
Priesthood, of Christ, its excellency 118.
Prodigal, son, parable of 247.
Promises, great and precious 207.
Providence, equitable and kind 22; mysteries of 23; —— to be explained hereafter 24; submission to 185; trust in 21, 25.

REDEEMER, his loving kindness 8; praise to 336.
Redemption, manifests God's love 331; praise for 270.
Regeneration, 221, 222, 290.
Rejoicing, in a revival of religion 202.
Religion, of the heart 174; to be first attended to 297.
Repentance, 64; from Christ's sufferings 340;

God's command to 63 ; of the Prodigal 65.
Reproaches, fortitude under 116.
Reſignation, 164.
Reſolve, the ſucceſsful 204.
Reſurrection, of Chriſt 59, 69, 70, 228, 285, 332, 334 ; proſpect of 365.
Retirement, and meditation 184.
Revival, of religion, hoping for 257 ; rejoicing in 202.
Righteouſneſs, human, inſufficient 62.
Righteous, their truſt 147. See *Chriſtians* and *Saints*.
SABBATH, hymns for 321—324.
Sacramental hymns 328—340.
Saints, death of 356——361 ; in the wreck of nature 369. See *Chriſtians* and *Righteous*.
Salvation, by faith 61 ; by grace 54 ; danger of miſſing 239 ; free, invitation to 232.
Sanctification, and atonement, 35 ; and faith 226 ; and pardon 84.
Scriptures, comfort from 51 ; of knowledge and joy 48 ; ſufficiency and excellence of 50 ; uſefulneſs of 49.
Seaſons, of the year 314.
Self-denial, 166.
Self-examination, 145.
Sickneſs, complaint and hope in 350 ; general 349 praiſe for recovery from 351 ; reflections in 348.
Sin, and barrenneſs 123 ; and holineſs 30 ; and miſery connected 366, 367 ; bewailed 110 ; complained of 272 ; hatred of 291 ; original 28 ; preſſure of 113 ; remaining complained of 139.
Sincerity, 167.
Sinner, awakened, lamenting his ſecurity 203 ; departing from God 247, part 1 ; found want-

ing 168; God's anſwer to him 170; humbled going to Chriſt 204; lamenting delay of grace 169; leprous healed 122; prepare to meet God 368; repenting 247, part 3; ſubmitting to God 114; trembling 186; under conviction 247, part 2.

Sinners, dead quickened 244; death of 361; expoſtulation with 57; in the wreck of nature 369; invitation to 56, 115; praiſing the fountain of Chriſt 45, 46; ſaved and God glorified 58.

Soul, burdened praying for relief 160; enlightened 127; more valuable than the world 249.

Spirit, dwelling in us 189; experienced 107; influences of 106; intreated not to depart 108; joy in 201; leadings of 105; prayer to 16, 17; prayer to God for 104; withdrawn 109.

Spiritual blindedneſs 174.

Spring, hymn for 311.

Submiſſion, and hope 165; under bereaving providences 185.

Sufferings, of Chriſt 47. See *Chriſt*.

Summer, hymn for 312.

TEMPTATION, Chriſt a refuge in 192; from the world 287; of Satan 271, 286.

Thankſgiving, hymn for 344, 345, 378.

Time, ſhortneſs of 353.

Tolling bell, 355.

Trinity, doctrine and uſe 2; hymn to 306.

Truſt, in Chriſt 158; in God 175, 176, 177; of the righteous 147.

Truth, and ſincerity 167.

VANITY, of Balaam's wiſh 96; of the world 146, 248, 299.

UNBELIEF, and faith 182,

WARNING, to flee from wrath 82.

Watchfulness, and prayer, 209.
Winter, hymn for 310.
Wisdom, of God, song to 20; —— unsearchable 7; waiting for 224.
Works, vain without love 153.
World, crucified to it 329; danger of 194; parting with 298; vanity of 146, 248, 299.
Worldling, condemned 195.
Worship, beginning of 294; ending of 295, 296. place of dedicated 343.
YEAR, new, hymns for 307 — 309; seasons of 314.
Youth, and judgment 262; lovely falling short of heaven 265; pleading for 309; prayer of 266; the accepted time 264; their encouragement 263.
ZEAL, true and false 237.

☞ *While the Editors of this volume present their acknowledgments to those persons to whom they are indebted for* Original Hymns, *they beg leave to inform them, and their friends in general, that, as there is a prospect another edition of these hymns may be required, their favors hereafter will be received with pleasure, and carefully preserved.*

Hartford, Sept. 10, 1799.

Now in the preſs, and will be publiſhed the 1ſt of October next,

A

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☞ A "GUIDE TO THE HEALTH OF CHILDREN," is now preparing for the preſs, and will appear early in November.

[*Owing to an accident which occurred after the work went to press, a few copies of the* 65th Hymn *were rendered inaccurate: It stands here corrected.*]

HYMN LXV. L. M. [*See page 75.*]

The repenting Prodigal.

1 LO! what a rapturous joy poſſeſt
The tender parent's throbbing breaſt,
To ſee his ſpendthrift ſon return,
And hear him his paſt follies mourn.

2 Thus our bleſs'd Saviour wont deſpiſe
The contrite heart for ſacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd ſigh, the ſecret groan,
Riſes accepted to the throne.

3 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when ſinners pray,
And mercy bears their ſins away.

4 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their ſad complaints, and ſpies
His image in their weeping eyes.